Giuseppe Gugliotta
Path of Redeemed Time
Drinking without meeting the ogre
Jātaka 13–24 as an apophatic path of awakening,
criticism of power, and desertion from heroism

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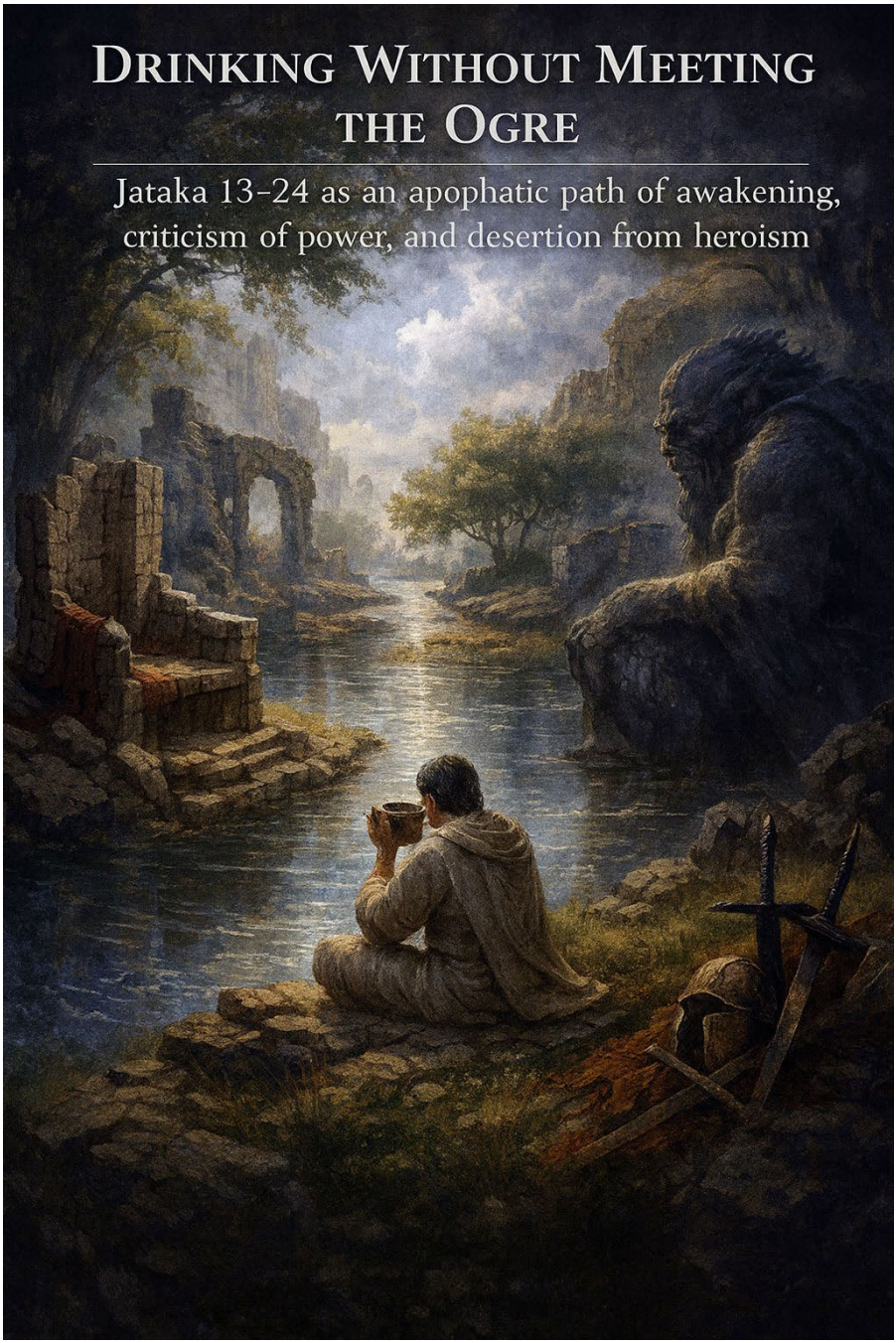
Drinking Without Meeting the Ogre
Jataka 13-24 as an apophatic path of awakening, criticism of power, and desertion from heroism

Water reflections and decayed power

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https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/01/bere-senza-incontrare-lorco.html

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Caption-threshold:

Drink without meeting the ogre:

water flows when power no longer organizes thirst. The throne remains, the ogre remains—but life has already found another way.

1. Image Description

The image shows a **ruined landscape**, crossed by a **calm**, bright river, flowing in the center of the scene. The ruins are not smoking or violent: they are **consumed by time**, already beyond the catastrophe.

In the foreground, a human figure is **seated on the ground**, with his back or in profile, drinking **from the river with a bowl**. He does not assume a heroic posture: he does not fight, he does not look up, he does not dominate space. It is collected, almost anonymous.

On the right emerges a **colossal and dark figure**: the ogre. He is not in the act of attacking. He is not injured. He is not defeated. He is still. Present. Heavy. Residual.

Next to the human figure lie **abandoned weapons**: a sword, perhaps a shield. Not broken, but unused.

On the opposite side, among the ruins, you can see what remains of an **architecture of power**: a throne or a central building, already emptied of function.

Light does not descend from above as judgment: it **is born from the river** and its reflection.

2. Symbolic analysis

The river

The river is the only truly "alive" element. It does not separate, it does not threaten, it does not drag. It is **a way**, not a border.

Here converges:

Revelation 22 (the water of life),

the Naḷapāna-Jātaka (the possessed water),

The apophatic reading: **the center does not command, it flows**.

The river is not freed: **it continues**.

The Drinking Figure

The gesture of drinking is decisive:

does not conquer,

does not claim,

does not found.

It is a **minimal** gesture, but definitive. Drinking means **entering life without appropriating it**.

The low, seated posture clearly says: this is not a scene of glorious revelation, but of **silent exit**.

The ogre

The ogre is correctly represented as:

not deleted,

not demonized,

not redeemed.

It is **emptied of centrality**.

His power is not broken: it is rendered **irrelevant**.

This is the heart of the Jātaka read Apophatically: power falls when **it**

no longer organizes the vital gesture.

Weapons

The weapons are not destroyed, but **left on the ground**. This is crucial: there is no iconoclasm, there is no revenge.

Desertion from heroism is not a moral act, but an **ontological one**: heroism is no longer needed.

The ruins

The ruins are not the result of a battle just won. They are the **natural landscape after power**.

The throne is already archaeology. The command is already dead language.

3. Theological and political commentary

This image **does not illustrate** the sage: it **embodies** it.

He does not tell:

a victory of the righteous,

a defeat of evil,

a new foundation.

He recounts what is most radical and most scandalous for any theology of power:

life goes on without asking permission.

Theologically, the image is profoundly **apophatic**:

God is not on the throne,

is not in the ogre,

is not in the hero.

If it is nameable, God is in **the gesture that does not ground anything**.

Politically, the image is a **total heresy**:

does not propose a better order,

does not promise deliverance,

it does not mobilize.

It shows that power loses when it **is no longer necessary for the survival of meaning**.

Closure

This image says exactly what the title promises:

"Drinking without meeting the ogre"

does not mean that the ogre does not exist, but that it **no longer organizes thirst**.

And when thirst no longer obeys, the world changes without proclamations.

Comparative reading image ↔ Rev 22 ↔ Naḷapāna ↔ Cioran.

Drinking without meeting the ogre

A single threshold between image, Revelation, Jātaka and Cioran

There is a gesture that precedes every doctrine and survives every system: **drinking**. Not to conquer, not to found, not to redeem — to drink.

The image shows it without emphasis: a seated, low, non-heroic figure drinks from a river that runs through ruins. All around, everything that once organized the world is still present: the throne, the ogre, the weapons. Nothing has been destroyed. Nothing has been resolved. Yet, **nothing is in charge anymore**.

This visual gesture coincides with the heart of Revelation 22.Il text continues to name the throne, but empties it from within. From the center no longer emanates command, but water. Power remains as a word, not as a force. The final vision does not show a better governed world, but a world in which **governing is no longer useful**.

Here the Apocalypse meets the *Naḷapāna-Jātaka*. There, too, water is "possessed". Even there, power is not overthrown. The ogre is not defeated, he is not redeemed, he is not converted. It is simply **no longer the place through which life passes**. You learn to drink without getting into your device. Power does not collapse: **it becomes superfluous**.

This is a profoundly apophatic path. God is not on the throne, nor in victory, nor in heroic gestures. If it is still speakable, God is in the flow that does not hold, in the access that does not establish debt, in the life that does not ask for legitimacy.

Cioran prevents any consolatory relapse. There is no hope here, because hope is still a form of command over the future. There is no redemption, because redemption establishes a new order and a new credit. There is only **the way out**: from drama, from history as a vocation, from heroism as a spiritual destiny.

Drinking does not save. But free from the need to be saved.

The image, Revelation 22, the Jātaka and Cioran converge in a single truth intolerable for all power: **life continues even without it**.

The throne can remain. The ogre can stay. The weapons can remain.

But when thirst no longer recognizes them as the center, the world changes without proclamations.

This is the ultimate meaning of *Drink without meeting the ogre*: not a victory, not a final revelation, but the minimum gesture that disarms everything.

And the Apocalypse, then, does not end. It remains open like a flowing river.

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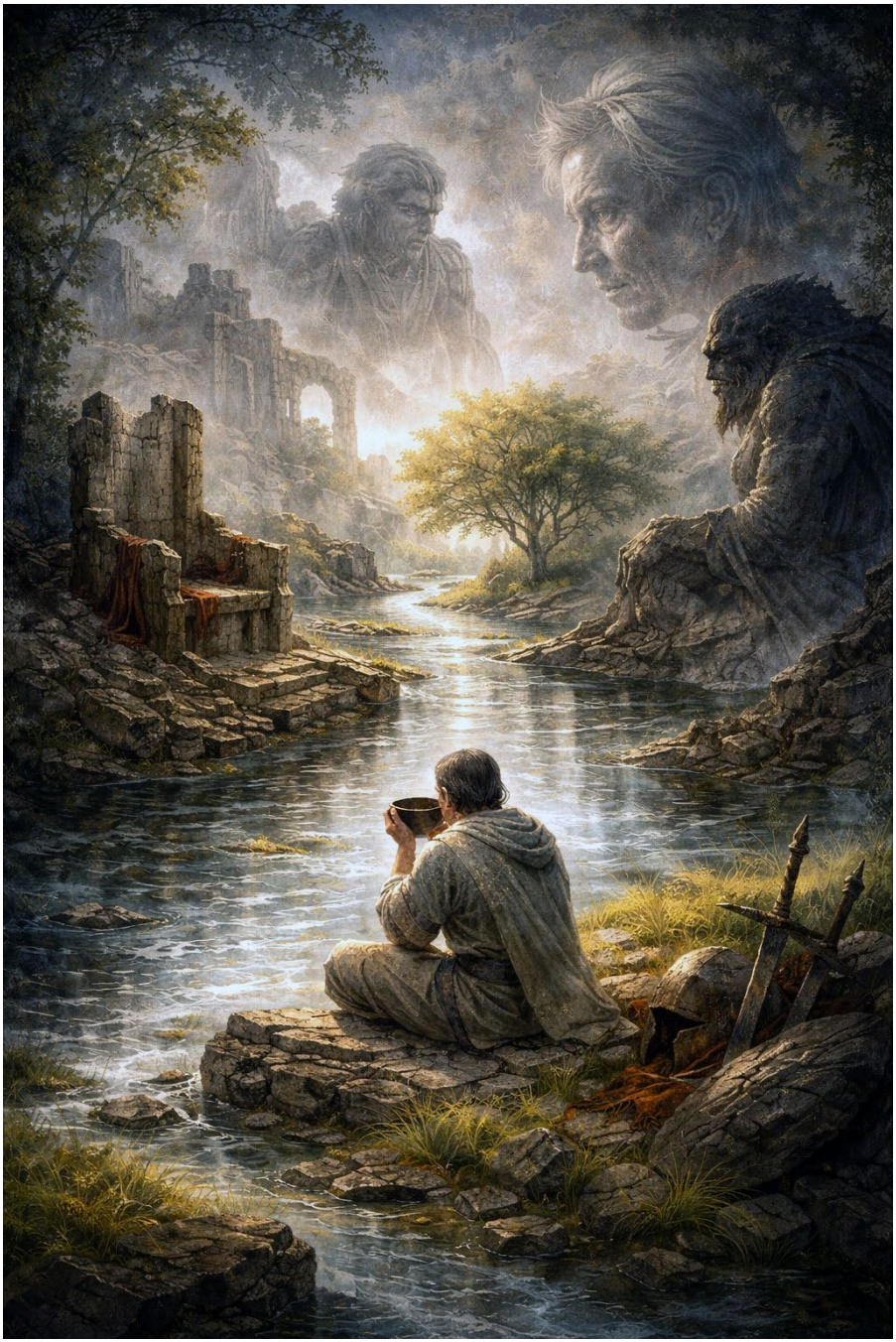

Luminous River and Solitary Meditation: The Gesture That Traverses Power, One Movement, Four Layers

Introduction

This essay does not read the Jatakas as edifying tales or moral

parables. He crosses them as **figures of unveiling**.

Jātaka 13–24 form a coherent constellation: animals captured, seduced, taught, sacrificed, absolved, or exalted. In them, power almost never appears as immediate violence, but as **apparent care**, promise, order, justice, victory.

The question is not: *how to save oneself?*

But: **how not to be caught**.

In dialogue with negative theology, with Cioran's desperate lucidity and with a critique of power that rejects both revolution and redemption, these Jātakas are read as **stations on a negative path of awakening**: a path that does not conquer, does not found, does not reform.

It deserts.

The Axial Jātaka: Naḷapāna (20)

The thirsty monkeys, the ogre and the reeds emptied of knots

In the Naḷapāna-Jātaka, the thirsty apes meet the archetype of power: the ogre who possesses water. They don't face it. They do not deceive him. They do not convert him.

Their leader empties the knots of the reeds.

Water remains where è.Il power remains where it is è.Ma no longer encountered.

This minimal gesture contains the entire apophatic way: **not to deny the world, but to deny its right to possess you**. God is not water, nor the ogre, nor victory over hostile forces. God, if the name is still possible, is the *emptying of knots*.

This Jātaka becomes an axis because it does not propose a solution, but a subtraction. It does not free the world. It makes power useless.

This Jātaka is the **apophatic heart of the cycle**.

He does not win by force, he does not negotiate with power, he does not destroy the ogre.

Subtracts.

The leader does not fight the demon that possesses water (the purest image of **the power that controls life**), but **invents a way that makes power itself useless**.

Key reading

Negative theology: God is not water or the ogre → he is the *emptying of knots*, non-possession.

Cioran: not redemption, but *cunning against the absurd*.

Critique of power: power dies when it is no longer needed.

This Jātaka does not teach "how to win", but **how not to enter the game**

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https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/01/the-map-of-disillusion.html

The Initiatory Map (Jātaka 13–24)

Read from Naḷapāna, the other Jātakas are arranged as **movements of the same disillusionment**.

Seduction (13, 14, 21) shows that power does not begin with force but with gift. Learning (15:16) teaches that knowledge does not save, but avoids immediate capture. The dispute (17) reveals the uselessness of reason when it becomes an end in itself. Sacrifice (18:19) unmasks religion as an economy of guilt. Justice (22) exposes the automatic violence of order. Heroism (23:24) shows the most refined face of dominion: glory.

The journey does not culminate in a positive synthesis, but in a **progressive refusal to participate**.

Summary: A Route to Desertion

This is not a way of ascent. It is not a way of purification. It is not a way of salvation.

It is a path of desertion.

by seduction,

from the promise,

by sacrifice,

by spectacular justice,

from victory.

The awakened does not rule. It does not redeem. He does not die for any kingdom.

He drinks the water without meeting the ogre.

The seven visual-poetic stations

I. The Sweet Trap: The Fall into Seduction

Cioran: conscience is born when seduction stops working.

Negative theology: the apparent good is often the most refined idol.

First station: discovering that what promises life often prepares for capture.

(Jātaka 13 – 14 – 21)

Image A bright fruit falls from above. Honey drips on the grass. A doe watches, motionless.

Text Power invites before commanding. Not everything that shines calls

to life. Power does not attack: it invites.

He promises nourishment, he only asks for one step.

Threshold See the bait. To see that the gift is a bait.

Caption: The gift that asks for a step.

The gift that asks for a step.

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dolce-trappola-la-caduta.html

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https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/stazione-i-tre-racconti-sulla-seduzione.html

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/station-i-three-stories-on-seduction-of.html

1. Visual description (phenomenological level)

The image shows a **clearing at dawn**, suspended in uncertain weather. From above, from an invisible source, **a golden fruit** slowly descends, letting **bright honey drip** and impregnate the grass. The light is warm, amber, but not reassuring: it seems more like a promise than a revelation.

On the right, **a doe** is stationary, alert. He does not advance, he does not flee. The body is relaxed, but the gaze is tense: the animal is not yet captured, but not even free from attraction. There is no trace of the hunter; The threat is not manifest. The danger is *implicit*, vertical, invisible.

The composition is triangular:

above: the fruit (promise),

in the middle/bottom: honey (nourishment),

on the side: the doe (consciousness in suspension).

2. Symbolic analysis (Jātaka + power + seduction)

The image condenses the three Jātakas into a single **grammar of seduction**:

Jātaka 13: Love as a trap — what appears benevolent cooperates in the capture.

Jātaka 14: Nourishment as a gradual process — not a shock, but a progressive invitation.

Jātaka 21: The possibility of awakening — seeing the artifice before the fatal step.

The fruit that **falls is not torn** up: it is offered. Honey **is not stolen**: it is given. The doe **is not chased**: it is invited.

Here power does not exercise violence, but **hospitality**. He does not order: he *seduces*. He does not impose: *he promises*.

This is the decisive point of the station:

Effective power does not constrain, but makes desirable what destroys.

3. Conceptual and Theological Commentary

a) Cioran: the birth of consciousness

"Consciousness is born when seduction stops working."

The image is placed **an instant before** that birth. The doe has not yet unmasked the deception, but **she senses it**. It is the moment of the *threshold*: when desire is not yet sin, but it is no longer innocent.

Conscience is not born of evident evil, but of the **crisis of apparent good**.

b) Negative theology: the refined idol

The bright fruit is not an obvious evil: it is *too beautiful*. Here the logic of the most dangerous idol operates:

not that which denies the good, but that which **imitates it perfectly**.

Honey is true nourishment — and that is precisely what makes it idolatrous. The idol does not lie: *he exaggerates* the good to the point of making it absolute.

c) The station as a pedagogy of the gaze

This **first station** does not ask for action, but for a look:

do not "resist",

do not "flee",

but **see**.

The caption *"The gift that asks for a step"* is decisive: every effective trap requires **only a small advance,** never a total surrender.

4. Final synthesis (meditative key)

The image does not represent the fall, but **the possibility of avoiding it**. It is an iconography of *vigilance*, not of guilt.

The doe is still safe because:

look,

hesitates,

does not immediately consume the gift.

In this sense, the station teaches that freedom does not arise from the rejection of desire, but from **its conscious suspension**.

Jātaka 13: Love as a trap — what appears benevolent cooperates in the capture.

JĀTAKA 13 – KAṆḌINA

The mountain deer and the sweetness that kills

When the fields of the kingdom of Magadha were ripe and golden, the plain became a place of death. Men kept watch armed, the streets were traps, the air itself smelled of iron. The deer, who knew the rhythm of the seasons, then retired to the high woods, where the land is rugged but safe.

There lived a **mountain deer**, strong, unaware, a child of rocks and steep paths. One day he met a **young doe** who had come from near the village. She was different: she knew man, she smelled his deception, she feared his proximity. The deer fell in love with it.

When the time came when the herds were again descending into the valley, the doe spoke to him gently, but also cautiously:

" *You are a mountain deer." The villages are full of danger. Don't come with us.*

But love, when it has taken the heart, makes the ear deaf. The deer did not listen. He went down with her.

The men, who knew that passage, had already stationed themselves. A hunter lay hidden along the path. The doe **smelled the man**. The danger was clear to her. Then he did not shout, he did not warn, he did not oppose. He made a minimal, decisive gesture: he **let the deer go forward**, following it at a distance.

A single dart was enough. The deer fell. The doe fled.

The hunter came out of hiding, skinned the animal, and roasted the meat on the fire. Sated, she returned home carrying the rest of her bleeding body to feed her children.

In the woods, a **wild deity** — the Bodhisatta — had seen it all. And he

said, not without pain:

It was neither father nor mother who destroyed this deer, but passion alone. At the beginning passion is sweetness, at the end it is pain, chains and blows.

And he taught that what appears to be love can become the very place of ruin, that not all sweetness saves, that the invitation can be more deadly than violence.

Key to Station I – *The Sweet Trap*

This Jātaka does not tell of an explicit betrayal, but of something more subtle and disturbing: **the silent cooperation of apparent good with real evil**.

The doe does not kill the deer. It doesn't push him. It doesn't stop him.

It simply **allows him to advance first**.

Here love is not a lie, but **asymmetry**. It is not deception, but **prudence that saves itself**. And precisely for this reason it is a perfect trap.

The deer dies not because love was false, but because **he relied on what promised closeness**, without seeing that that proximity was leading him to the place of capture.

It is the cruel and clear lesson of the first station:

what appears benevolent can cooperate in our loss without ever showing hostility.

The mountain deer and the sweetness that kills: The **Sweet Trap** is the gift that only asks for one step.

Video post link

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/01/stazione-i-la-dolce-trappola-kandina.html

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/01/station-i-sweet-trap-kandina-jataka.html

1. Description of the image (what appears)

The scene is set in a **border landscape**, a clearing that marks the passage between the safety of the forest and the exposure of the path. It is **dawn**: the light is warm, golden, but still fragile, as if it did not have the strength to completely dispel the shadows.

In the center of the composition advances a **mountain deer**. His body is oriented forward, his step is confident, natural. There is no fear in his movements: he still belongs to the world of innocence.

A little further back, slightly away from the path, is the **doe**. His body is set back, his gaze sideways, tense. He is motionless. In her there is no panic, but awareness. The distance that separates it from the deer is minimal in space, enormous in sense.

On the left, almost dissolved in the shadows of the trees, the threat can be glimpsed: not a fully visible man, but a sign — the implicit trajectory of an arrow, a dark silhouette. The danger does not break in: **it waits**.

2. Symbolic analysis (what operates)

The image does not represent the violent act, but **the moment that makes it possible**. Everything is already decided, yet nothing has happened yet.

The deer

The deer embodies **loving trust**: it advances because it loves, not because it ignores the world. His fault is not naivety, but abandonment. It is the gesture of those who believe that the proximity of the other is enough to protect them.

The doe

The doe is not a traitor in the banal sense. It is the symbol of an

asymmetrical benevolence: it sees danger, but does not share it. He saves himself without lying, without pushing, without hitting. His gesture is minimal and decisive: **to let the other go forward**.

Here love does not hurt directly: it **does not protect completely**.

The Invisible Hunter

Power has no face. It is already organized, already ready. He doesn't need to show himself because someone else — love, desire, trust — is already doing the work for him.

3. Philosophical and spiritual commentary (what it teaches)

This image is deeply disturbing because it **denies the consolatory idea of evil as an obvious aggression**. Here evil does not enter by force: **it is reached out of love**.

The deer dies not because someone has openly deceived him, but because:

he entrusted his step to those who saw more than him,

he confused closeness with protection,

He believed that love always shared the same risk.

In the language of Station I, this is **the sweet trap**: not what seduces against us, but what seduces *with* us.

The image makes an uncomfortable truth visible:

those who love us do not always walk in front of us; Sometimes he lets us go on.

And it is precisely here that conscience is born, as Cioran suggested: **at the moment when seduction is no longer enough to justify the step**.

4. Meditative synthesis

This image does not ask us to condemn, but to **see**. He does not accuse the doe, he does not absolve the deer, he does not demonize the hunter.

Instead, it shows an eternal structure:

Someone advances for love,

someone knows and holds back,

Something awaits in the shadows.

It is the icon of a threshold:

the point at which love ceases to be automatic salvation and

becomes a choice that requires discernment.

Comparison of the image with Eden / Song / Temptations

1. Eden (Genesis 2–3)

The gift that precedes the fall

Analogy

In Eden, as in the image of the deer, evil does not appear as such. The fruit is beautiful, nutritious,

desirable. The threat is not visible: it is mediated by the word, by the invitation, by the promise of life.

Like the deer:

Adam is not coerced.

Eve does not impose: *she speaks*, *shows*, *offers*.

The decisive gesture is identical: a step forward.

Difference

In Eden, seduction passes through language and knowledge:

"You will become like God."

In the Jātaka and in the image, seduction is corporeal and silent: not a word, but an advance; not a lie,

but a trust.

Eden is the fall of cognitive innocence. The Kaṇḍina-Jātaka is the fall of loving trust.

2. Song of Solomon

Love as an ambiguous garden

Analogy

The Canticle is the biblical text that comes closest to the image:

the garden,

attraction,

the desire that moves bodies.

Here, as in the Jātaka, love calls out, brings out of the refuge, exposes.

"Get up, my friend, come!"

The deer advancing in the path is the embodied response to this invitation.

Decisive difference

In the Canticle, love is not a trap: it is a shared risk. The two lovers look for each other in the night, get

lost and find each other, but no one is saved by leaving the other ahead.

In Jātaka, on the other hand, love is asymmetrical:

one knows,

the other entrusts himself,

only one survives.

This is why the Canticle is the icon of love that saves through reciprocity, while the *Sweet Trap* shows

the love that kills when it does not share the danger.

3. The Temptations (desert / mountain / pinnacle)

Analogy

In the Temptations, as in the image:

power does not attack,

invites,

promises nourishment, protection, glory.

"If you are a son..."

The devil, like the hunter, remains in the shadows. Let desire take the step.

Radical difference

Christ does not advance. He remains firm. He recognizes the bait.

The deer, on the other hand, advances because it loves. Christ resists because he sees.

Here the function of Station I is clarified: to show what precedes the very possibility of resistance.

Before refusal, there is unmasking. Before the "no", there is the "I see".

4. Synthesis: three archetypes, the same threshold

Archetipe	Form of seduction	Outcome
Eden	Knowledge Promise	Fall
Song	Mutual Love Invitation	Life
Temptations	Promise of power	Resistance
Kaṇḍina-Jātaka	Asymmetrical love trust	Death

The image of the deer stands before the explicit moral choice. It is the icon of that fragile moment in

which:

love is not yet sin,

trust is not yet error,

But the step forward is already dangerous.

5. Meditative Conclusion

If Eden asks us for *obedience*, if the Canticle asks us for *reciprocity*, if the Temptations ask us for

discernment,

Station I – The Sweet Trap asks us for something more elementary and more difficult:

do not advance until you have seen if those you love really walk with you.

14. Vātamiga – *the honey of power that slowly educates to imprisonment*

Jātaka 14: Nourishment as a gradual process — not a shock, but a progressive invitation.

A compelling story, faithful to the text but reworked in narrative and symbolic form, focusing on the theme: the honey of power that slowly educates to imprisonment. The tone is consistent with Station *I*: seduction, gradualness, absence of violence.

JĀTAKA 14 – VĀTAMIGA

The honey of power

The wind ran free in the gardens of the king of Benares.Among the trees and meadows one day a wild antelope appeared, as swift as the breath that gave it its name. At the sight of man, he always fled: his nature was distance, distrust, freedom.

The king's gardener, Sañjaya, noticed her. He didn't chase her. It didn't scare her. He let her go.

This was the first decisive gesture: to do nothing.

The antelope returned. Then he came back again. The garden was not scary, if the man stayed away. The lawn was good. The wind brought the smell of safety.

One day the king asked the gardener, " *Could you catch her?"*

Sañjaya smiled. — *With a little honey, I'll carry it into the palace.*

Not a network. Not a spear. Honey.

The gardener anointed the grass with honey in the places where the antelope grazed. Then he hid. When the animal returned, he tasted. The taste was irresistible.

From that day on, he looked no more. He always came back there.

Honey did not immobilize her: it educated her. He taught her a preference. Then an addiction.

When the gardener began to show himself, the antelope fled. Just for a while. Sweetness conquers fear when fear is not immediate.

Gradually, the man became familiar. The antelope ate from his hand.

Then the path changed. The gardener scattered branches on the ground, like a carpet. He carried a pumpkin of honey on his shoulder. He dropped tufts of sweet grass, one after the other, always one step ahead.

The antelope followed. He didn't notice it.

The building did not look like a prison. Just another place where honey was closer.

When the doors closed, the antelope trembled. Racing. He hit the walls. He understood too late.

The king looked at her and said, " *This creature is so timid that it never returns to where it has seen a man. Yet taste has brought her here. There is nothing more vile in the world than desire that trains for capture.*

Then he let her go.

Key to Station I – *The Sweet Trap*

This Jātaka does not speak of a sudden blow, but of a pedagogy of power. Power does not kidnap: it gets used to it. It doesn't force: it educates taste.

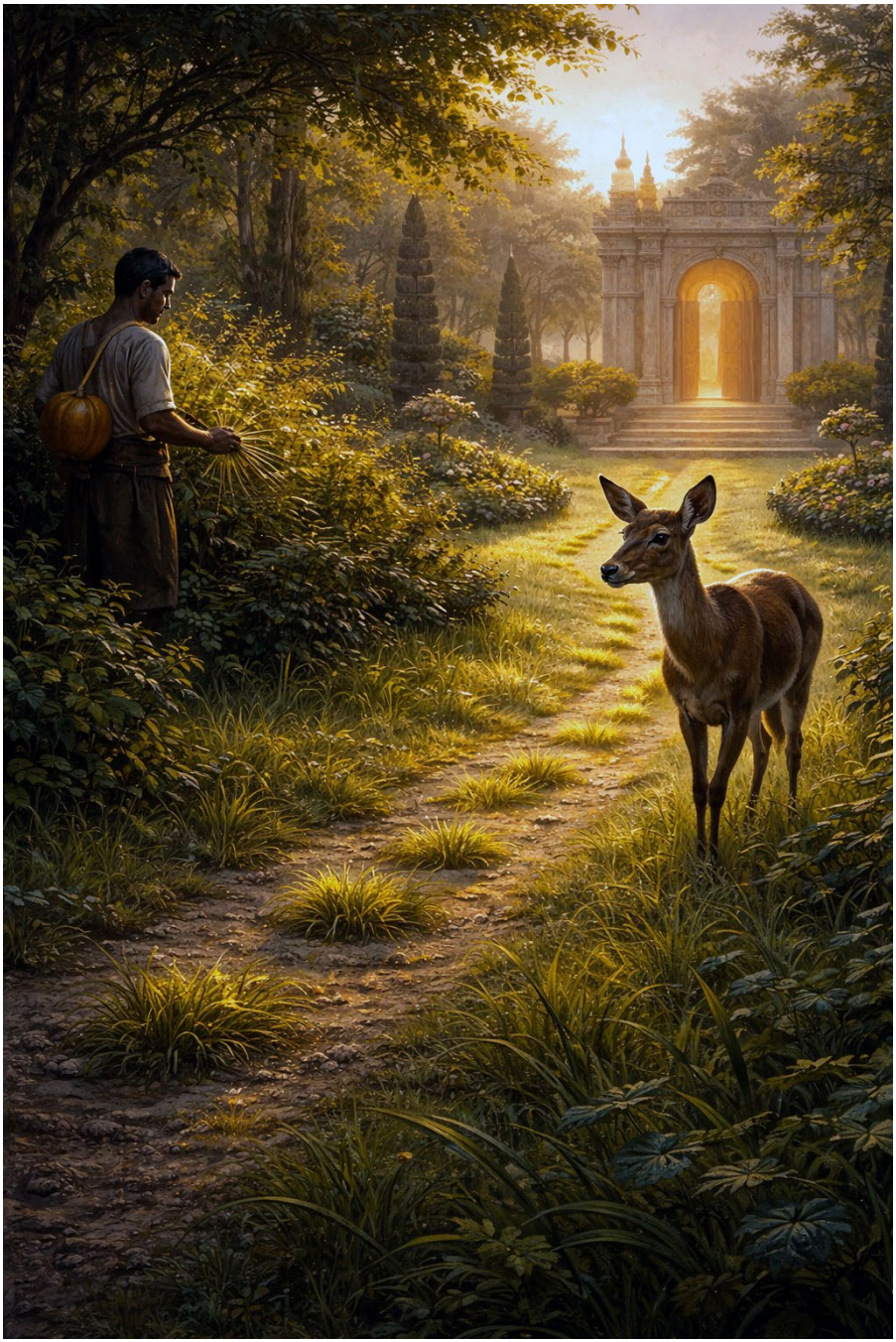
The antelope does not betray itself. It remains wild until the end. It is the world that, drop by drop, becomes familiar.

Here the trap is not the palace. It is the path.

Honey is not fake. It's real. And this is precisely what makes it dangerous.

The lesson is ruthless and clear:

The most effective imprisonment is the one that teaches you to desire it before closing the door.



Video blogger: https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/stazione-i-jataka-14-vatamiga-il-

miele.html

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/station-i-jataka-14-vatamiga-honey-of.html 1. Description of the image (Vātamiga)

The image shows a **royal garden at dawn**, tidy, bright, welcoming. It is not a place of violence, but of regulated beauty. Nature is tamed without apparent brutality: clean paths, golden light, harmonious architecture.

In the foreground, a **wild antelope** advances along a path. The body is relaxed, the attitude curious, not alarmed. He is following something he wants.

On the left, **the gardener** is present but not invasive. He does not threaten, he does not pursue. He keeps honey and grass with him: tools of care rather than capture. He is a reassuring, almost pedagogical figure.

At the back, the **building** is open, bright. It doesn't look like a prison. The doors are wide open. Nothing indicates danger.

The image is built not to **activate fear**. Everything invites.

2. Symbolic analysis: seduction that educates

This Jātaka does not tell of a sudden trap, but of a **slow progression**. The heart of the scene is not the palace, but **the path**.

The antelope is not torn from the forest:

come back several times,

learn where the taste is most intense,

It combines security and pleasure in the same place.

Honey is not a deception: it is real. Power here does not lie: **it refines desire**.

The decisive gesture is not the closing of the doors, but the education of taste that makes that closure almost irrelevant. When the antelope enters, it has already *been inside* for some time.

This is the radical difference with respect to violence:

violence breaks the will, gentleness re-educates it.

3. Interweaving with the Kaṇḍina-Jātaka (Jātaka 13) Putting Kaṇḍina **and** Vātamiga **in dialogue** is essential to understanding Station I.

Kaṇḍina-Jātaka

relational dynamics,

The trap passes through love,

deception is not honey, but asymmetry: one knows, the other trusts,

The fall is rapid, irreversible.

The deer dies because it **advances for love**, trusting those who see more than it.

Vātamiga-Jātaka

environmental and systemic dynamics,

no privileged relationship,

the capture is slow, reversible only in appearance,

The antelope is not betrayed: it is *accustomed*.

Here there is not another who deceives, but a world that **educates desire**.

Key Difference

Kaṇḍina: seduction passes through bonding.

Vātamiga: seduction passes through pleasure.

One falls out of trust, the other out of taste. Together, they tell the full spectrum of the *sweet trap*.

4. Comparison with the present: consumption and soft power The Vātamiga-Jātaka is perhaps the most contemporary of the three.

Consumption

The modern consumer is not forced:

is guided,

awarded,

reassured.

Honey is the pleasant experience, the smooth interface, the convenience. The building is the closed ecosystem: subscriptions, platforms, habits.

You don't enter it once: **you get there gradually**.

Soft Power

Power today rarely prohibits. Prefers:

suggest,

simplify,

make it obvious.

Like the gardener, soft power:

does not raise his voice,

does not show strength,

It presents itself as a service.

And precisely for this reason it is more difficult to recognize.

Education of desire

The decisive point is not *what* we desire, but **how we learn to desire it**.

The Jātaka shows that true capture occurs when:

desire becomes predictable,

pleasure becomes localized,

freedom shrinks without pain.

The door closing is just a final detail.

5. Summary: Station I in its entirety

If the Kaṇḍina-Jātaka shows **the love that leads to death**, the Vātamiga-Jātaka shows **the pleasure that educates to imprisonment**.

Both teach the same truth, from different angles:

The most effective power does not constrain,

it makes desirable what it captures.

The image of Vātamiga does not frighten. And precisely for this reason it is dangerous.

It is an icon of our time: a world that does not close its doors until we do not want to leave.

21. Kuruṅga – *the fruit thrown from above (the power that pretends to be a gift)*

Jātaka 21: The possibility of awakening — seeing the artifice before the fatal step.

Narrative Bridge

From seduction to awakening

In the Kaṇḍina-Jātaka the fall is rapid: love drags, trust precedes death. In Vātamiga-Jātaka the fall is slow: pleasure educates, habituates, domesticates. In both cases, power wins because it is not seen.

But there is a third gesture, rare and decisive: stopping before the pass.

The Kuruṅga-Jātaka does not tell of a victim, but of a possibility. Here power tries again — with a gift, from above — but the deception is recognized before desire becomes movement.

If the first two Jatakas show *how one falls*, this third shows how one wakes up.

The fruit thrown from above

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Benares, there was an antelope that lived in the heart of the forest. He fed on the fruits of the trees, knew the paths, and was in no hurry.

One day she returned to a tree that was familiar to her. For many seasons that trunk had dropped its fruits as trees do: helpless, vertical, without cunning.

But that morning the antelope stopped. Not out of fear—out of attention.

"Sometimes," he thought, "men build platforms between branches. Sometimes the gift does not fall: it is thrown away."

He stopped at a distance, he observed. The fruit fell before her, as an anticipated encounter. Too close. Too intentional.

Then the antelope looked up.

And he saw.

He saw the man hiding in the branches. He saw the weapon ready. He saw power pretending to be a tree.

But he did not flee immediately. He pretended not to have seen. And he spoke to the tree, as one speaks to what one knows:

"My friend, until now you have let your fruit fall like a tree does. Today you throw them away as trees don't. If you have changed your nature, I will change my path too."

And he spoke simple, decisive words:

"I know the fruit well. I don't like what doesn't fall by itself. I will look for nourishment elsewhere."

Only then did the man throw the javelin. But it was late.

The antelope was already off the trajectory. And as he walked away he said:

"Maybe you missed me today. But you have not failed to carry the weight of your actions."

Then he disappeared into the forest.

Symbolic comment

Power unmasked

Something new happens in the Kuruṅga-Jātaka:

the gift is not accepted,

desire does not advance,

Power is seen from above, before it strikes.

Here power does not seduce with love, it does not educate with

pleasure, but betrays itself with a minimal gesture: a fruit that does not fall, but is thrown.

Awakening does not arise from the rejection of desire, but from the reading of artifice.

Not everything that comes is a gift. Not everything that comes down comes from the tree.

Closure of Station I

The possibility of awakening

Station I closes like this:

Kaṇḍina: I didn't see → I fell

Vātamiga: I got used to → I entered

Kuruṅga: I saw → I stopped

Consciousness is born exactly here: when seduction stops working because its mechanism is recognized.

The fruit remains on the ground. The step is not taken.

The trap loses its power.

The fruit is a gift only when it falls by itself. When it is thrown away, stopping is already an act of freedom.

See the bait. And don't take the step.

Post blogger video

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/21-kurunga-jataka-e-il-risveglio-prima.html

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/21-kurunga-jataka-and-awakening-before.html

1. Image-Video Description

The scene opens in a clearing at dawn, but the atmosphere is different from the images of the Kaṇḍina and the Vātamiga. The light is no longer golden and enveloping: it is clear, cold, limpid. It does not seduce, but illuminates.

In the foreground, the antelope is still. He does not advance, he does not flee. The body is slightly backwards, as if it had interrupted a movement started and then suspended. The posture is not one of fear, but of vigilant attention.

In front of her, on the ground, lies a luminous fruit. It's untouched, inviting, but out of place. It does not hang from the tree, it is not inserted in a natural cycle: it is there, like an object on display.

The antelope's gaze is turned upwards. Between the branches, almost merged with the shadows, you can see a platform and the indistinct silhouette of a hunter. He does not dominate the scene, he does not loom: he has already been unmasked.

The composition is vertical:

above, the hidden power,

in the center, the bait-gift,

below, the consciousness that stops.

There is no violence. There is no imminent movement. There is only the instant of understanding.

2. Symbolic analysis: the gift that betrays

This image represents a radically new moment compared to the

previous ones: seduction no longer works.

In the Kaṇḍina the deer was advancing. In Vātamiga the antelope followed the path. Here, however, the movement stops.

The fruit is central, but not because of its splendor: it is central because it does not fall as it should.

The decisive detail is not the weapon, nor the hunter, but the implicit trajectory of the gift. Something that comes from above, but not from the tree. Something that seems natural, but is not.

Awakening takes place in this way: not through the rejection of desire, but through the reading of artifice.

The antelope does not say "I don't want the fruit". He says, silently: *this fruit is not a gift*.

3. Comment: the possibility of awakening

The Kuruṅga-Jātaka closes Station I not with a miraculous salvation, but with a minimal and decisive gesture: stopping.

Consciousness is born here. Not when power strikes. Not when the door closes. But when the bait is seen as bait.

This is why the image is more bare, colder, less seductive: it must not attract, it must clarify.

Power is still present, but it has lost its main strength: invisibility.

The fruit remains on the ground. The step is not taken. The trap, deprived of consensus, fails.

4. Symbolic closure of Station I

If we read the three images together, a clear progression emerges:

Kaṇḍina – love that drags without seeing

Vātamiga – pleasure that educates without constraining

Kuruṅga – the gaze that recognizes and interrupts

The last image does not promise immunity. It promises only one thing, fragile and very powerful: the possibility of not taking the fatal step.

And that's enough.

II. The Art of Not Falling

(Jātaka 15 – 16)

Image A network in the void.

Text Lucidity does not save, but retains.

Threshold Know the trap.

Know the network.

Station II – The Art of Not Falling

(Jātaka 15–16 | Counterpath to power)

Conceptual axis

This station does not celebrate victory or promise salvation. It is a pedagogy of not falling: not breaking the net, not dominating the hunter, but recognizing the trap before it becomes destiny. Power operates by capture: it produces invisible networks (habits, roles, delegated desires). The counter-journey is not heroism, but discernment, asceticism, silence.

The two Jātakas function as diptychs:

15. Kharādiya Jātaka: innocence that refuses to learn cunning is captured.

16. Tipallatthamiga Jātaka: he who has learned to read the signs, even if taken, frees himself.

It is not purity that saves, but knowledge of the network.

Spider's web of light in the void

Lucidity does not save, but it holds.

It doesn't break the network.

It makes it visible.

And in seeing, the body learns not to fall.

The text does not console. It works as a brake, as a restraint before the misstep.

Post blogger video

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/jataka-1516-larte-di-non-cadere.html

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/jataka-1516-art-of-not-falling.html

Analytical description (what you see)

The image shows a lattice structure suspended in an absolute vacuum.

The background is deep black, without gradient, without horizon, without vanishing point: there is no "world" beyond the net.

The network itself is made up of very thin wires, almost filaments of silvery-gray light. They are not stretched in a regular way: they oscillate, curve, overlap. Some seem to dissolve before becoming fully visible.

There is not:

a center,

a main node,

a dominant symmetry.

In some places the threads thicken, creating areas of greater brightness, almost pseudo-shapes: not recognizable figures, but suggestions of shape. The eye is looking for something — and it doesn't find it.

There are no animals, bodies, presences. And precisely for this reason the image includes the viewer: the viewer is the only possible body.

Symbolic comment (what it means)

1. The network as normal power

This is not a violent network. It is not an explicit trap.

She is beautiful, elegant, almost contemplative.

And this is where it works as a response to power: the most effective power does not frighten, *it seduces with its transparency*.

The network does not say:

"I catch you"

He says:

"I'm just the way things are."

Exactly what systemic power does.

2. Absence of center = diffuse power

The fact that there is no central node is decisive. There is no identifiable enemy.

This dialogues perfectly with Station II:

you don't fight the hunter,

the net does not break,

You learn to move without falling.

It is the transition from a personal critique of power to a structural critique.

3. The points of densification: the illusion of form

The eye is drawn to where the threads thicken. It almost seems to see:

a figure,

an animal,

a sense.

But it is an illusion.

This is one of the most profound successes of the image: it shows how the mind produces meaning to survive, even inside the network.

And this is where Jātaka 16 comes in:

Those who have learned the tricks do not deny the network, but do not mistake illusion for reality.

4. Emptiness is not freedom, it is a condition

Emptiness does not save. It is not a "beyond".

It is simply the space in which the network can exist without being seen.

This dialogues perfectly with the text of the station:

Lucidity does not save, but it holds.

The image does not promise exit. It promises awareness of the context.

Performative commentary (how it works in Station II)

In a path like the *Path of Redeemed Time*, this image:

does not ask for reaction,

does not ask for strong emotion,

asks for a slowing down of the gaze.

The more you look at it, the more:

the threads emerge,

the void ceases to be neutral,

a slight uneasiness arises, not dramatic, but persistent.

It is the right restlessness for Station II: not panic, not rebellion, but embodied discernment.

Overall Rating

✔ Consistent with:

Counter-Path

discernment

asceticism

Silence

✔ It manages to make visible:

The Internet without demonizing it

danger without spectacularizing it

Threshold

Know the trap. Know the network.

The threshold is not a gap to be crossed, but a stopping point. Here the journey slows down. Here you learn to stop without reacting.

Silent Threshold Question:

Where am I already obeying without realizing it?

Counterpath (practices)

1. Discernment

Learn the tricks of the world without becoming an accomplice.

Recognize the promises that ask for interiority in return.

Distinguish between attention and capture.

(Jātaka 16: it is not avoiding the net, but knowing how to read it.)

2. Asceticism

Voluntary reduction: less stimuli, less words, fewer reactions.

Not to accumulate instruments of power, but spaces of non-use.

Train the body not to sprint immediately.

(The deer does not flee immediately: he listens to the tension of the snare.)

3. Silence

Power feeds on an immediate response.

Silence interrupts the chain of command.

Silence not as an escape, but as a strategic withdrawal of the self.

Response to power

Power says: *"Be efficient, be visible, be inside."*

This station answers, "Learn not to fall."

It does not promise total freedom. He promises something more

austere:

not be taken at all,

do not identify yourself with the grip,

know that the network exists.

Meditative closing

Those who do not know the web call it destiny. Those who know it call it a structure. Those who feel it in the body, even if taken, can still melt.

15. Kharādiya – *those who refuse to learn are caught*

The story **as a wounded parable**, not as a moral apologue. Here **there is no awakening**, only the first threshold: lucidity that does not console.

There was a vast and silent forest, and in that forest a herd of deer. Driving it was not the strongest, but the most attentive. The Bodhisattva was born a deer, and he knew the **tricks of survival**: the paths that deceive the hunter, the smell of iron, the way a rope pretends to be grass.

One day his sister brought him her son. He's your nephew," he said. "Teach him what you know. Teach him not to fall."

The Bodhisattva agreed. Not with enthusiasm, but with that sobriety that belongs to those who know that **knowledge does not save**, but can postpone the end.

He stared at him for an hour. The young deer did not come.

He set another one. Still absent.

Seven times the learning time was offered. Seven times rejected.

The young deer was not stupid. It was worse: **he was convinced that he didn't need to learn**. He confused naivety with freedom. He mistook ignorance for purity.

Perhaps he thought that knowing the traps was already a form of compromise. Perhaps he feared that seeing the network meant accepting it. So he continued to run, light, unaware, *helpless*.

Until one day the net found him.

It was not a violent network. It was normal. It had always been there.

When the mother rushed over, it was too late. He went to the Bodhisattva and asked, "Didn't you teach him the tricks of deer?"

The Bodhisattva did not respond angrily. He replied with **withdrawal**.

There are times when even teaching stops. Not out of cruelty, but because **knowledge cannot be imposed**.

He only said, in words that do not console:

When a deer has four legs to escape,

branching antlers and a thousand ways in the woods,

and when seven times it has had the opportunity to learn,

I, Kharādiya, no longer teach.

The young deer was killed by the hunter. The meat was taken away. The forest remained.

Silent comment (not moral)

This Jataka does not speak of guilt. It speaks of **abandonment disguised as innocence**.

Those who refuse to know the trap call *naivety* what is **renunciation of lucidity**.

Here there is no awakening. Just a rejected survival technique.

Yet this technique is a **necessary threshold**.

As Cioran writes:

lucidity is an advantage that does not console.

It does not make you free. It does not save. But **it opens a glimmer in**

destiny.

And when even that glimmer of hope is rejected, the net must not even tighten.

As long as it is there.

The deer trapped in the forest Blogger post with image video

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/jataka-15-la-trappola-che-non-consola.html

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/jataka-15-trap-that-does-not-console.html

Description (what appears)

The image is immersed in a **forest at dawn**, crossed by a warm and grazing light. The path is narrow, earthy, almost inevitable: it leads the gaze towards the center of the scene.

There lies a **young deer**, on the ground, its legs bent. He is not torn apart. He is not struggling. He is **taken**.

Around him stretches a network of thin, almost luminous threads, which rise towards the trees as if the forest itself were part of the mechanism. The threads are not coarse: they look like polite, precise ropes, almost invisible if you don't know where to look.

On the left, in dim light, an **adult deer appears**. He does not advance. He does not intervene. Look.

The light is not tragic. She is calm. And this is what is disturbing.

Symbolic analysis (what it means)

1. Capture without violence

The young deer is not depicted at the moment of the fight, but **after the surrender**. This is decisive.

There is no failed heroism. There is a **lack of preparation**.

The network does not appear as aggression, but as **the natural outcome** of protracted ignorance. It is the perfect visualization of the thesis:

to know ≠ freedom, but to ignore ≠ innocence.

Here the trap does not break in: it **waits**.

2. The Bodhisattva Who Does Not Save

The adult deer, in the shade, is perhaps the most radical element of the image.

It is not:

a savior,

a judge,

a tragic hero.

He is **the one who knows** and who has already taught. Now **he is retiring**.

This visual gesture embodies a harsh truth: knowledge cannot be imposed, and compassion does not coincide with intervention.

It is the same logic as in Jātaka: when learning is rejected, teaching is also silent.

3. The network as a structural normality

The threads blend in with the morning light. They are not dark, they are not threatening.

This is the most successful point of the image: the network **does not contrast** with the world. It is part of it.

It is power as a structure, not as violence. The trap that camouflages itself in the landscape of existence.

As in Station II:

The network is not violent, it is normal.

4. Light of dawn: lucidity as a wound

Dawn saves no one. Illuminate.

The young deer now sees what he should have known before. The light comes **too late** — and that's what makes it tragic without melodrama.

Here lucidity is not liberation, but **a necessary wound**: seeing the net when it already holds you.

Cioran is visually present:

lucidity is an advantage that does not console.

Final comment (function in Station II)

This image **doesn't have to stand alone**. It is powerful because it dialogues with the other: the abstract network in the void.

There the network is systemic.

Here the network is embodied.

There is no body there.

Here the body is already inside.

Together they tell the full truth of Station II:

Here there is no awakening. Only survival technique refused. And the threshold that follows.

It is an image that does not ask for empathy, but **responsibility of the gaze**.

16. Tipallatthamiga – *those who know the traps can free themselves*

ignorance / learning, lucidity as a wound, knowledge ≠ freedom.

Visual transition from Jātaka 15 to 16

From catch to chance

The transition doesn't have to feel like a sudden release. It must be an almost-nothing that cracks.

Passing image

Same forest as Jātaka 15.

Same net, same lace.

Same body as the deer, still on the ground.

But something changes:

The light is no longer the full dawn, but an unstable glow, as if time hesitated.

The strings of the trap are still taut, but only one vibrates, almost imperceptibly.

The deer does not look outside: it closes its eyes.

The body does not fight: it abandons itself intentionally.

Visually it is ambiguous: the viewer does not understand if he is dying or if he is choosing.

This is the threshold of Jātaka 16.

Here there is still no freedom. There is embodied knowledge.

The transition works if the viewer thinks,

"It's over"

— but it's not over yet.

A story read as a counter-movement, not as a redemption Jātaka 16 – Tipallatthamiga

Those who know the trap can free themselves

There was another young deer. No longer innocent, not yet free.

He also had a teacher. He too had received a knowledge that did not promise salvation, but attention.

When the time came, it presented itself. The hour was not lacking. He did not refuse learning.

He learned the tricks of deer: how to move, how to stop, how to remain still when everything invites you to flee.

One day, as always happens, the network found him.

The lace closed. The body jumped.

But the deer did not fight.

Here the decisive difference occurs.

Those who do not know the trap react. Those who know her suspend their reaction.

The young deer let himself fall on his side. He stretched out his legs, stiffened his body. He breathed only from below, holding his breath high. He let the body simulate the end.

It was not resignation. It was technical.

Lucidity does not console, but teaches when to stop.

The hunter arrived. He looked at the motionless body. It hit him. No answer.

"He's already dead," he thought. He untied the snare.

In that gesture — banal, distracted — the network lost its power.

When the hunter moved away, the deer got up. He shook the dust. And he fled.

Not as a hero. Like those who have gone through the wound of knowledge.

Essential (non-celebratory) commentary

This Jātaka does not speak of enlightenment. Talk about lucid survival.

Knowing ≠ freedom. But without knowing, freedom is impossible.

The deer does not break the net. He crosses it pretending death.

Here lucidity is a necessary wound:

forces you to give up instinct,

asks you to betray the romantic idea of freedom,

it requires you to use your body as a tool.

It is the first counter-movement of the Way: not an awakening, but a glimmer in destiny.

Ritual Closing (for Station II)

Those who ignore the network fall. Those who know her can pretend to be dead. And sometimes, that's how you live.

Deer fleeing in the forest: Those who know the trap can free themselves

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/16-tipallatthamiga-jataka.html

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/16-tipallatthamiga-jataka_0934711635.html

This image is strong, but above all it is *ambiguous in the right way*: it does not celebrate a triumphant liberation, but a learned, expensive escape, still marked by the trap.

Visual description

In the center of the image a young deer is caught in the instant of the race. The body is tense, leaning forward, the hind legs pushing the ground with controlled violence. The light is grazing, golden, as of dawn or dusk: not full day, not night. An intermediate time.

Around:

the forest is dense but blurred, almost secondary;

the ground is raised in dust and leaves: a trace of a struggle that has just taken place;

Thin threads cross the scene: they are no longer a closed knot, but neither have they completely

disappeared.

The lace no longer dominates the body, but it is not completely absent. The escape is real, but incomplete.

Symbolic analysis

This image does not represent "awakening". It represents what comes *first*.

1. The trap as embedded knowledge

The deer does not break the snare forcefully. He crossed it with intelligence.

His body has learned:

when to stiffen,

when to feign death,

when to wait for the other's error.

Here knowledge is not abstract: it is a survival technique.

Knowledge ≠ freedom Knowledge = possibility

2. Light does not save, but exposes

Golden light is not salvific. It is a light that reveals, not consoles.

As in Cioran:

"Lucidity is an advantage that does not console."

The deer now sees:

the forest,

danger,

their vulnerability.

He does not return to innocence. He passes into a more fragile and truer state.

3. The body as a place of discernment

The most important thing: the deer does not think, it acts. Knowledge is not speech but gesture.

This is the heart of Jātaka 16:

not those who can explain the trap,

but those who know how to stay in it without identifying themselves.

Freedom here is an interval, not a permanent condition.

Critical Commentary (Station II – Against Power)

This image is a silent critique of power:

power loves deer that do not learn (Jātaka 15);

tolerates those who learn only to survive (Jātaka 16);

he fears those who will use lucidity not to stay in the game (later stations).

Here we are still *inside the system*. But we are no longer blind.

The net is not broken. It is made visible.

Ritual synthesis

If the first image of Station II read:

"Not seeing is already being taken"

this one says:

"Seeing does not liberate, but allows you to escape."

It is a necessary wound. He does not promise salvation. It promises time.

And time is already an act of resistance.

The dialogue with Cioran **is not a comment**, but a *friction*: the Jātaka is not "enlightened" by Cioran, nor is Cioran "saved" by the Jātaka. They **contradict each other enough to remain true**.

The deer that feigns death and the man who refuses salvation

In Jātaka 16 there is no enlightenment. There is no ecstasy, there is no redemption, there is no redemption.

There is a body that has learned not to react.

The young deer does not win the net: *he knows it enough* not to panic. When it's taken, it doesn't fight. When it is seen, it becomes invisible. When he is judged dead, he survives.

It is a form of asceticism without heaven.

Cioran would have recognized this gesture. Not as hope, but as *an advantage without comfort*.

"Lucidity is an advantage that does not console."

The lucidity of the deer does not promise him salvation: it gives him time. Enough time for power — here the hunter — to get distracted, to trust, to make mistakes.

This is not mystical. It is counter-mystical.

The mystic promises:

a beyond,

a sense,

a transfiguration.

Jātaka 16, read with Cioran, promises only this:

Don't make yourself coincide with what happens to you.

The deer does not say "I am free". He says, with the body:

I am not what the trap believes.

In this gesture there is something profoundly Cioranian: not the desire to be saved, but the decision not to collaborate with one's own ruin.

Cioran distrusts any path that leads to light. Yet he recognizes that there are minimal survival techniques, forms of lucidity that do not redeem but prevent the worst.

Jātaka 16 does not contradict this view. He radicalizes it in silence.

Here there is no awakening. There is a wound that remains open enough not to close in a lie.

Knowledge does not break the network. But, sometimes, it forces her to melt on her own.

Ritual Closing

Don't hope to be saved. Learn not to be where power wants you to be.

Here Station II can close: not with a synthesis, but with a voice that defuses, that leaves the path without mystical or moral footholds.

The unique final voice as the conclusion of Station II, where Jātaka 16, Cioran and Revelation 13 and 18 resonate as a *critique of power and salvation*:

Final Voice – Station II

The net, the beast, the lucidity

The deer that feigns death is not an enlightened one. It's someone who has figured out how capture works.

It doesn't break the network. He does not face the hunter. He does not dream of liberation.

He subtracts.

This minimal gesture spans the centuries and reaches the Apocalypse.

The Beast of Revelation 13 does not rule by force, but by adhesion. It asks for recognition, consensus, imitation. Those who do not discern the trap call "order" what is captured.

Revelation 18 shows the other side: the great city that falls not

because it is being fought, but because no one supports it anymore. The merchants are crying. Kings watch from afar. The network empties.

Here the Jātaka 16 speaks with Cioran.

Lucidity does not save. It does not console. It does not promise any new Jerusalem.

"Lucidity is an advantage that does not console."

It is only this: the ability not to coincide with one's role in the trap.

The deer does not oppose power. The Beast is not defeated. The city is not set on fire.

Something more disturbing happens: power loses its grip.

Those who do not know the net mistake it for destiny. Those who know it can fake the end and go through it.

This is not mystical. It is counter-mystical.

It does not lead to light, but saves from dazzle.

It does not announce awakening, but teaches not to cooperate with one's own ruin.

Station II ends here.

You are not free. You are not saved. But now you know where not to stand.

And that's enough to go on.

The Way can continue only if something remains unresolved.

III. 17. MĀLUTA-JĀTAKA: The Noise of Reasons

The sterile dispute

Image

Tiger and lion face to face discuss the truth, argue about who is right, the sky remains cold, the frost passes through the bones, the cold remains.

Text Being right doesn't warm up. The truth that consoles does not warm

Threshold Silence. Stop being right.

Here power is speech. Positive theology discusses, negative theology is silent.

Decisive Station: Understanding That Being Right Doesn't Save

The beginning of Station III as a real **disruption of the balance of Station II,** making **Revelation 18** the dominant current of the next stretch. The tone is compelling, narrative: here **power is discourse**, and the cold is not climatic but **metaphysical**.

Station III – The Noise of Reasons

Disruption of balance

Station II still had a deceptive quiet. A fragile balance, like air held in the lungs. Now something breaks.

There is no longer fruitful silence. The **noise of reasons** arrives, the din of voices that want to explain, justify, win.

This is where **Babylon** speaks.

Revelation 18 does not break in with violence, but with **arguments**: merchants who count, kings who explain, wise men who justify the world as it is. Power does not pursue: **it convinces**. It does not destroy: it **argues**.

Station III was born like this: not from a mistake, but from an **impeccable reason**. And that's exactly what freezes.

17. MĀLUTA-JĀTAKA – The Barren Dispute

Image

Tiger and lion face to face. Eyes lit up, mouths open.

Behind them the sky is still, pale. The wind blows, but no one listens to it. Frost runs through the bones. The cold remains.

Story

At the foot of a mountain lived a tiger and a lion together. Friends for a long time, until a question separated them.

"*The cold comes in the dark half of the month*," said the tiger. "*No*," replied the lion, *"the cold comes in the bright half*."

Everyone spokes confidently. Everyone had observations, memory, experience. Everyone was **right**.

They argued for a long time. The more they argued, the colder the weather became. The wind passed through the rocks, but no one mentioned it.

In the end they turned to the hermit who lived not far away.

The ascetic listened to them. He did not contradict them. He did not praise them.

He only said:

Whether it's light or shadow,

when the wind blows, it's cold.

The cold comes from the wind.

So you are both right.

The dispute ceased. But not because anyone had won. But because **the**

truth was not where they were looking.

Being right doesn't heat up.

The truth that consoles does not warm.

You can be right and remain frozen. You can win a dispute and freeze to death.

Here power is speech. Here positive theology discusses. Here negative theology is silent.

Threshold

To be silent.

Stop being right.

Not because you are wrong, but because **being right does not save**.

Station Node III

This is the decisive station: to understand that the conflict is not between true and false, but between **the word that dominates and the silence that liberates**.

Revelation 18 continues to speak. Babylon falls **only when no one defends her anymore**. Not when it is refuted. But when it is **abandoned**.

Link pdf epub

Revelation 18: Revelation 18: Symbols of Death and Renewal on the Path of Awakening

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The pitch becomes darker, denser. The noise of reasons is not just human error: it is Babylon's last defense before the fall, a twist with more words, less heat, more explanations, more emptiness.

How Babylon Prepares to Fall

At first, Babylon does not cry out. He argues.

He says, *"It's necessary."*

He says, *"It's rational."*

He says, *"There's no alternative."*

Every word is polished. Each sentence is a bridge that leads nowhere.

The noise grows like this: not as chaos, but as an excess of meaning.

The Market of Reasons

Revelation 18 speaks of merchants, but here the goods are not gold or purple.

These are reasons.

Reasons to dominate. Reasons to accumulate. Reasons to exclude without guilt.

Every rumor is credible. Every rumor is well-founded. And precisely for this reason none is true.

Babylon does not lie: it explains too much.

The Dispute That Freezes the World

Like the tiger and the lion, the powers argue about *when* the cold comes.

Darkness or light. Crisis or progress. Tradition or innovation.

The dispute is impeccable. The data is correct. The brilliant analyses.

But in the meantime the wind is blowing. And the world cools down.

Frost does not arise from error, but from the inability to be silent.

Here Power is Discourse

Babylon reigns like this: not by imposing, but by convincing.

Whoever speaks best commands. Whoever argues the most wins.
Those who remain silent seem defeated.

Positive theology defends God. La negative theology lets it go.

And this is where Babylon trembles: because she does not know what to do in the face of those who do not answer.

The Saturation Point

There comes an invisible moment when words no longer illuminate.

They pile up. They overlap. They cancel each other out.

The noise becomes sterile silence.

Babylon does not fall under the blows, but under the weight of her own explanations.

The Instant of Fracture

Revelation 18 says,

"In an hour thy ruin has come."

But that hour is slowly prepared, by centuries of successful speeches.

When no one listens anymore, when everyone is right, when every word is already foreseen —

Babylon is already dead, even if she still speaks.

Sign of the Fall

The sign is not fire. It is the echo.

The words continue, but they do not warm anyone.

Like the tiger and lion dispute, the city stands while the cold pierces the bones.

Station III Threshold

Here there is no longer an answer. It is not refuted. It does not correct itself.

We get out of the conversation.

To be silent is not to renounce the truth. It is rejecting power that lives on reason.

And when Babylon no longer has interlocutors, when her market remains full of unsold goods —

falls.

Not because it has been denied, but because it is no longer needed.

Tiger and Lion under dusk Post video link

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/17-maluta-jataka-stazione-iii-il-rumore.html

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/17-maluta-jataka-station-iii-noise-of.html

1. Description

The scene is frozen in an instant of maximum tension.

A **tiger** and a **lion** face each other in a narrow rocky corridor, as if the world had shrunk to become an arena. Both have open mouths, uncovered teeth, visible breath in the cold. They are not yet fighting: **they are talking to the body**.

The landscape is wintery. Dark rocks, snow, wind. The sky is heavy, gray-blue, without openings. There is no sun, there is no moon: only **widespread cold**.

The symmetry is almost perfect. Two equivalent truths. Two specular reasons. No forward movement.

2. Symbolic analysis

a) The frozen dispute

This is not an image of violence, but of **suspended conflict**. The moment chosen is not the attack, but the extreme argument.

The tiger and the lion **do not touch each other**. They observe each other, challenge each other, justify themselves.

This is essential: Station III is not the kingdom of blood, but the kingdom of **discourse that leads to nothing**.

Frost is not a consequence of conflict: it is the **context** of conflict. The dispute takes place *within* the cold, it does not produce it or solve it.

b) Light and shadow canceled

In the original Jātaka the dispute is between **the bright** and **the dark half of the month**. Here the image goes a step further:

light and shadow have both disappeared.

The sky is uniform. There is no time sign. Time is stopped.

This visually says what the text suggests: when the dispute becomes absolute, **the difference loses meaning**.

Dark or bright? It doesn't matter anymore. The world is cold anyway.

c) The corridor of Babylon

The space is narrow, embedded between the rocks. It is not a plain, it is not an open desert.

It's a **corridor**.

This is the typical space of Revelation 18: the city that has reduced the world to an obligatory passage, a canal, a market.

The two beasts see nothing but the other beast. They don't see the wind. They don't see the horizon.

3. Theological and apophatic commentary

a) Being right does not heat up

The image makes visible the key phrase of Station III:

Being right doesn't heat up.

Both animals have strength, dignity, consistency. Both are "right". Yet the cold dominates the scene.

There is no individual guilt. There is **structural sterility**.

This is the heart of the criticism of Babylon: it does not lie, it does not make gross mistakes, but **it occupies all the space with its own words**.

b) Absent silence

The most important thing in the image is what **is not there**.

There is no hermit. There is no Bodhisattva. There is no one who

mentions the wind.

Silence has not yet entered the scene. This is why the cold remains.

Station III is exactly that: the moment *before* silence. The saturation point of language.

c) Preparation for the fall

Revelation 18 does not fall here. Here **he prepares to fall**.

The image shows Babylon at its clearest: everything is visible, everything is explained, everything is faced.

And precisely for this reason

there is no more life.

When the discourse reaches this glacial perfection, the fall is inevitable.

Not for destruction. But by **abandonment**.

Final comment

Two truths confront each other. The world remains cold.

Until someone stops being right and listens to the wind.

IV. The Laughing Unmasked Sacrifice. No blood frees.

***Station IV*: the radical rejection of sacrificial logic.**

(Jātaka 18 – 19)

***18. The Laughing** and Crying Goat*

19. The sacrifice to "free oneself" that does not free

Image

A smiling goat. A knife reflected in the water.

Text No free blood. He laughs because the cycle will end. He cries because others will call him salvation.

No free vote. No blood convinces the Absolute.

Threshold Renouncing redemption.

Here the fundamental myth of religious power collapses:

Suffer now to be saved later

Negative theology: God does not want sacrifices because **he does not want anything**. Cioran: Every promised redemption is a deferred cruelty.

Transition to Station IV

From the noise of Babylon to the desert that does not promise

The fall of Babylon leaves no room for a new temple. Leave **ashes**.

The transition is not triumphant or apocalyptic: it is **post-apocalyptic**. After the collapse of the symbolic system of power (Babylon), only what is of no use remains:

silence without revelation

Land without alliance

sky that does not respond

Here the soul no longer asks: *"How am I saved?"* He asks, more radically: *"Why should I ever save myself?"*

The journey slows down. The music disappears. The ritual gesture remains suspended, without an object.

This is the threshold of **absolute disenchantment**.

Iconographic passage to Station IV

Ruin · Ashes · Silence

Transition visual sequence

Ruins without human figures Broken temples, empty altars, decapitated idols. No enemies, no

winners.

Ash that does not rise Not sacrificial smoke, but dust that falls.

Ashes do not speak to God. It is mute.

Still water A puddle. It does not purify. It only reflects.

The knife appears only as a reflection: it no longer acts.

Appearance of the goat Not bound. Not a fugitive.

Simply present.

The silence here is not mystical: it is **post-theological**.

Station IV – The Unmasked Laughing Sacrifice

No blood free

This station does not condemn: **it reveals**. He does not cry out against sacrifice: he lets him speak... and collapse on its own.

Central theme

Sacrifice does not save because **there is no one to convince**.

The two Jātakas of Station IV

18. Matakabhatta-Jātaka – The Goat That Laughs and Cries

IconA smiling goat.

In the water: the reflection of a knife.

Symbolic key

He laughs because *he knows* that the karmic cycle will end.

She cries because *she knows* that her gesture will be interpreted as "salvation".

Here the sacrifice is already **emptied**: it is not redemption, but **misunderstanding**.

Blood does not free anyone. It only frees the system that needs to believe it is right.

He laughs because the mechanism stops. He weeps because others will call it "divine will."

The goat is more lucid than the priests.

19. Āyācitabhatta-Jātaka – The sacrifice to "liberate" that does not liberate

Theme Offering something to dissolve a vow ≠ be free.

Here religion appears in its most subtle and cruel form: I do not sacrifice for love, I sacrifice **to get out of debt**.

But the debt is fictitious.

Every vote made to the Absolute is a category error: the Absolute does not contract obligations.

No free vote. No blood convinces the Absolute.

Sacrifice does not break the chain: confirmation.

Text of the Station

No blood frees. He laughs because the cycle will end. He cries because others will call him salvation.

No free vote. No blood convinces the Absolute.

Station IV threshold

Renounce Redemption

Here the fundamental myth of religious power collapses:

Suffer now to be saved later.

It is not replaced by a better myth. It is **abandoned**.

Negative theology

God does not want sacrifices because **He does not want anything**.

Cioran

Every promised redemption is a **deferred cruelty**.

Inner state required of the traveler

Don't seek consolation

Don't look for meaning

Don't look for exit

Remain. In the desert after Babylon. In silence after sacrifice.

Inner Posture of the Wayfarer – Station IV

The body that does not offer, the conscience that does not ask

1. Radical disarmament

The wayfarer enters without symbolic tools:

No prayer to say

• No gesture to be made

No guilt to atone for

It does not bring offerings. It doesn't bring questions.

Here even the desire to "understand" is suspended. Understanding would already be a form of

redemption.

2. The active rejection of sacrificial logic

The posture is not passive, it is **negative**:

I don't "accept suffering for an end"

I don't "transform pain into value"

I don't "make sense of what happens"

The wayfarer stops translating experience into spiritual currency.

Nothing is exchanged. Nothing is offered.

3. The body as rest

The body is no longer:

Tool

Temple

victim

Vehicle of asceticism

It is **what remains** after the cult has collapsed.

Breathe. Stand. It doesn't represent anything.

This is an anti-ritual posture.

4. Gaze without question

The gaze does not rise upwards and does not dig inwards.

Stay **horizontal**.

It does not ask:

"Why?"

"For what?"

"For whom?"

Look at the ashes without allegory. Look at the goat without morals.

5. Non-performative silence

Here silence is not meditation. It's not practical. It is not listening to a Voice.

It is silence because **there is nothing more to say** without lying.

The wayfarer agrees not to transform silence into a spiritual experience.

6. Renunciation of redemption

Not as a heroic act. Not as a moral choice.

But as **a fall of a need**.

The wayfarer stops wanting to save himself:

from time

from death

from guilt

out of nowhere

Here liberation is not sought. We stop pretending that there should be.

7. Limit State: Hopeless Lucidity

Not despair. Not active nihilism.

Naked Gloss:

No sacrifice works

No promise keeps

No economy of the sacred is real

And yet: it remains.

Inner formula

I offer nothing. I am not asking for anything. I don't wait for anything. And I stay.

Station IV Risk

Turn this posture into:

spiritual superiority

New Purity

militant anti-religion

This would be **a new disguised sacrifice**.

Authentic posture does not judge judgment either.

A sign that Station IV has been crossed

There is no relief. There is no peace.

Just a strange **lightness without promise**: the weight of having to be saved is no longer there.

The lonely wanderer and the sad goat **After Babylon, the sacrifice is silent.**

The goat is neither victim nor symbol: it is what remains when no blood promises salvation. The knife survives only as a reflection. The

wayfarer does not offer, does not ask, does not wait. In the desert of disenchantment, the need to be redeemed falls.

Yes. I take it seriously, as if it were a **post-ritual icon**.

Video post blogger

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/18-matakabhatta-jataka-e-19.html

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/18-matakabhatta-jataka-and-19.html

Description

The image opens onto a **landscape of ruins**: broken columns, surviving but emptied statues, architecture that no longer supports anything. There is no fire, there is no collapse taking place: everything has **already happened**. It's the aftermath.

In the center, from behind, a stationary traveler. He does not advance, he does not flee. The stick is not a symbol of guidance but of minimal support. The posture is neutral, disarmed, not heroic.

In the foreground, a **goat** looks towards the viewer. His face is not dramatic: it is ambiguous, almost serene, almost wounded. It is not tied. He is not on the run. It is present.

Next to it, a **still puddle of water**. Inside the water, a **knife**: not brandished, not raised, but fallen. The blade no longer cuts: **it reflects**.

The atmosphere is one of dull, twilight light. Not night, not dawn. A suspended time.

Symbolic analysis

1. The ruins: post-Babylon

These are not romantic ruins. They do not promise memory or rebirth.

They are **functional ruins**: places where worship no longer works. The statues are not violently torn down: they are **irrelevant**.

Here Babylon has not been punished: it has been **left without credit**.

2. The wayfarer: the posture that does not ask

The wayfarer is central but not the protagonist. From behind, removed from view: it does not offer a face to identify, to imitate.

He does not pray. He does not make gestures. He does not intercede for the goat.

It is the visual embodiment of the posture of Station IV:

> do not offer
>
> Don't ask
>
> Don't wait

His immobility is not a block: it is **a renunciation of the economy of meaning**.

3. The goat: the sacrifice unmasked

The goat is the true theological center of the image.

It does not bleed. He doesn't run away. He does not implore.

Look.

It is the goat of the Jātaka:

> Laughs cause the cycle ends
>
> cries because it will be called "salvation"

Here, however, laughter and tears are **compressed into a single glance**. A gaze that does not ask for compassion but **for lucidity**.

It is not a Christological symbol. He is not a sacred victim. She is the **witness to the absurdity of sacrifice**.

4. The knife: violence deactivated

The knife is not broken. This is decisive.

Sacrificial power is not destroyed: it is **deprived of its scene**.

The blade is in the water, motionless. Just cut your own image.

It is the perfect visualization of negative theology:

God does not refuse sacrifice

Sacrifice **no longer finds a recipient**

The knife survives only as a reflection: violence without an object, a ritual without a god.

5. Water: anti-purification

Water does not wash. It doesn't flow. It does not save.

It is not baptism, it is not ablution. It is surface.

Here the water does not lead "beyond": it shows what remains when there is no passage.

Overall comment

This image is not consoling. And he does not accuse.

It is radical because it **does not replace anything**.

It does not propose a new spirituality "Listen to me, Brahman. Once, a long time ago, **I was like you**. I too was a Brahman, an expert in the sacred texts. I too, for a banquet of the dead, killed a goat, convinced that I was doing a right act.

It does not aestheticize nihilism

It does not redeem disenchantment

It shows what happens **after** the fall of sacrificial logic: a world that continues to exist without the excuse of salvation.

The silence he emanates is not mystical, it is ethical:

you will no longer use pain as currency.

If this image "works", it is not because it explains, but because it **prevents** the viewer from doing what he has always done: transforming suffering into meaning.

Here there is only one fragile and tremendous possibility: to live without sacrificing anyone, not even oneself.

18 Matakabhatta-Jātaka

The goat that laughs and cries

I tell the story like **a living parable**, maintaining the narrative strength of the Jātaka but making it resonate with Station IV: disenchantment, unmasking, silence after the rite.

It happened in Benares, when the world was still convinced that blood could help the dead.

A great Brahman, a famous master of the Vedas, had decided to celebrate a **banquet for the dead**. A gesture considered pious, necessary, almost obvious: you kill an animal, you offer it, and the dead – it is said – benefit from it.

He had a goat brought in. Not just any goat: a choice with care, as is done with what must be "worthy" of sacrifice.

He ordered his disciples, "Take her to the river. Wash it. Decorate her neck with a garland. Give her good wheat. Treat it well. Then bring it back to me."

The ritual already began like this: with kindness, with decorum. Because even violence, when it is sacred, loves to present itself as benevolent.

When we reached the river, the unexpected happened.

The goat, as soon as the water touched his body, **burst out laughing**. A loud, sudden, almost ungainly laugh, like the sound of a vase breaking.

Immediately after, however, **he began to cry**. An equally strong,

deep, heartbreaking cry.

The young Brahmans were dumbfounded. Never seen an animal laugh and cry like this. What's wrong with you, goat?"

The goat looked at them and said, "This question is not for you. Ask your teacher."

They took the animal to the Brahman, telling him everything. He, intrigued, asked for explanations.

And here the goat spoke.

For that one gesture, I lost my mind **five hundred times**. Five hundred births, five hundred beheadings.

Today is the five hundredth and last. That's why I laughed: because today, finally, the cycle ends."

The Brahman blanched.

The goat continued:

"But then I cried. I cried for you.

For while I, who have killed a single goat, end my sentence today, you, by killing me, will begin the same journey: five hundred times you will lose your head.

I cried out of compassion."

The Brahman, shaken, said, "Do not be afraid. I won't kill you."

The goat shook its head. Whether you kill me or not, I'm going to die today. The fruit of action is stronger than your good intention."

"Then I will protect you," replied the Brahman. I'll follow you everywhere."

"Weak is your protection," said the goat, "strong is the weight of past actions."

The Brahman delivered her and ordered the disciples to watch over her. They all walked together.

The goat approached a rock, stretched out its neck to graze on the leaves. At that moment, lightning struck the rock. A boulder broke off,

fell, and **cut off her head**.

The sacrifice took place. Without a priest. Without ritual. Without intention.

The crowd rushed in, shocked.

And behold, above them, a **being of the trees** appeared, suspended in mid-air: it was the Bodhisatta, in a previous life. Looking at the scene, he thought:

If only men knew the fruit of their actions, perhaps they would stop killing.

And he spoke, in a sweet but terrible voice:

"If men knew that killing only generates pain, they would stop taking life. Hard is the fate of those who strike."

The crowd trembled. Not for the sake of virtue, but for fear of hell.

And he stopped sacrificing.

Implicit comment from Station IV

This story saves no one.

He unmasks.

The goat is not a redeemed innocent. She is a lucid witness to a blind mechanism.

He laughs because the cycle breaks. He cries because others will call him "salvation".

Sacrifice does not redeem. Reply.

Compassion is not in the sacred gesture, but in ceasing to believe that pain can be offered as good.

Here, in Station IV, the goat laughs and cries for us. Because we still confuse the end of a chain with a promise of redemption.

The goat that laughs and cries

Post video link

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/matakabhatta-jataka-no-18-la-capra-che.html

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"In the silent dialogue between the conscious victim and the doubtful perpetrator, compassion is born. In the aura of the Bodhisatta, the law of karma is revealed not as a punishment, but as a way of liberation for all."

The image seems to be a visual interpretation of narrative coherence and effectiveness, a work emerges that not only illustrates the story, but embodies its philosophical and moral spirit.

Detected Points:

Emotional Core: Having the face of the goat and the Brahmin as a

focal point, it is there that the inner "miracle" of understanding and compassion takes place, even before the divine manifestation. Their serene expression and intense eye contact are at the heart of the story.

Symbolic Treatment: the goat that transfigures itself or dissolves into light, instead of dying violently, is the most significant iconographic element. It transforms an act of sacrifice into an act of liberation (moksha), visualizing the Buddhist concept of the end of the cycle of suffering (samsara). This elevates the image from a simple illustration to a spiritual interpretation.

Spiritual Hierarchy: The bipartite composition creates a visual statement: at the bottom, the human plane of dialogue and dilemma; above, the divine plan of revelation and karmic law. The Bodhisatta, with his subtle and spiritual aura, acts as a bridge of wisdom between the two realms, without imposition but with benevolent authority.

Interpretation of the "Dramatic or Melancholic" Mood:

If the image conveys this feeling, it is probably because it captures the weight of the truth that is being revealed. It is not a happy story, but a story of awareness. Melancholy might arise from the awareness of cyclical suffering (the long karma of the goat), while drama arises from the moment of rupture and change for the crowd. This tone is appropriate and mature, avoiding easy sentimentality in favor of contemplative depth.

Overall verdict:

This image qualifies as a painting of moral narrative. It is able to:

Clearly telling a complex story.

Symbolize abstract concepts (karma, ahimsa, liberation) through precise visual choices.

Evoke a thoughtful and respectful emotion in the viewer.

Brief Description:

The illustration, in a style reminiscent of an ancient painted scroll, cleverly divides the scene into two narrative registers. On the left, in an intimate and earthly atmosphere, a goat of noble expression and an elderly Brahmin engage in a mute and understanding dialogue, while the disciples watch from afar. On the right, at the top, the scene is transfigured into the sacred: the Bodhisatta, like an arboreal deity wrapped in a golden light, sits in meditation in the sky. At his feet, the same goat, freed, dissolves into petals and light, symbolizing the end of its cycle of suffering. A crowd of people, with faces marked by amazement and revelation, witnesses the miracle. The warm, earthy palette, minute details, and mood of deep peace make the image a powerful visualization of the Buddhist theme of compassion triumphing over karmic destiny.

Fall of Babylon and Cioran

Dialogue between three voices distant in time and space, but close in their disenchanted gaze.

Dialogue: A Critique Without Redemption

1. The Goat: The Awareness That Makes Sacrifice Unbearable

The strength of the Jataka lies not only in the condemnation of animal sacrifice, but in its mechanical demystification. The goat, laughing and crying, is not an unwitting victim. He knows the exact count of karma: 499 times he has already lost his mind. His sacrifice is not a sacred act, but yet another link in a chain of senseless and automated violence. The moral is not "be good to get a reward", but "understand the frightening, mathematical ineffectiveness of evil". There is no consolation in its liberation: it comes only because the karmic debt is extinguished, not by grace. Compassion comes from understanding this macabre economy.

2. Babylon (Isaiah 47, Revelation 18): The Sacrifice of Vanity and the Collapse of the Tower

Babylon, in biblical prophecy, is the emblem of human sacrifice to

arrogance. He does not sacrifice animals to the gods, but sacrifices justice, truth and humility on the altar of his own power, magic and commerce ("No one will save you from the spells you have practiced, / from the many spells on which you have spent rivers of silver"). Her song is a banquet of death ("My ladies, I am, and I will never be a widow"). But here the criticism is theological: the wrong sacrifice (to oneself, to power) provokes a counter-sacrifice, that of the city itself. The fall of Babylon is the ultimate sacrifice, decreed by God. Consolation exists, but it is elsewhere (for the chosen people in exile), not for the sacrificial city. His end is desolate, without redemption.

3. Cioran: Sacrifice as a "Useful Delusion" in an Indifferent Universe

Cioran takes this demystification to the extreme, tearing away even the theological foundation. For him, every sacrifice is a "useful delirium" invented to make sense of the senselessness of the organic condition, to "deceive the fatality of the universe". He writes in The Baleful Demiurge: "Sacrifice presupposes that there is something or someone to please... But what if the universe is an accident?" In a cosmos without karmic accounting and without God as judge, sacrifice becomes the most tragic of farces. There is no deliverance as with the goat, nor divine justice as with Babylon. There is only the naked and unbearable awareness that we have sacrificed (and continue to immolate) life and joy on the altar of necessary fictions. His criticism is the most radical because it denies any possible consolation, even that of law or punishment.

The Point of Convergence: The Empty Altar

Here dialogue becomes fruitful:

Against the Economy of the Sacred: All three dismantle the idea that sacrifice is a barter with the transcendent (divine favors, purification, accumulation of merit). The goat shows barter as a karmic swindle, Babylon as a punished hubris, Cioran as a pathetic monologue.

Victim Awareness: The crucial moment is when the victim himself realizes the absurdity of the ritual. The goat that speaks. Babylon which, in its fall, sees its spells vanish ("No one saves you"). The Cioranian man who, in an instant of lucidity, sees the knife in his

hand and the altar empty.

No consolation, only consequentiality: there is no happy ending.

In the Jātaka, the liberation of the goat does not nullify the mechanism; The Brahmin is shaken, but the karmic law remains ruthless.

Babylon falls into eternal desolation, an example for others, but without forgiveness.

In Cioran, we are left with the "thrill of the uselessness" of our every sacrificial gesture, from prayer to ideology.

Conclusion: An Asceticism of Disenchantment

By putting these three voices in dialogue, we obtain a critique of sacrifice that runs through the religious, theological and nihilistic without ever relying on consolation.

From the Jātaka we take the inflexible law of consequences (karma as pure causality, not as justice).

From Babylon we take the idea of collapse as an immanent judgment on sacrificial hubris.

From Cioran we take the courage to look into the abyss and see that, perhaps, there is no one on the other side of the altar.

The red thread is an invitation to desperate clarity. Before we sacrifice (an animal, a principle, our joy), we should listen to the possible laughter and cry of the victim — whether it is a goat, a city, or our own soul — because it could reveal to us that we are only feeding an empty machine, whose only certain product is suffering.

In one sentence: From the laughter of the goat to the silence of God after Babylon, to the whisper of Cioran, the same warning resounds: the altar is deserted, and the knife you hold does nothing but the tautology of your own violence.

19 *Āyācitabhatta-Jātaka- The Offering of the Refined Meal*

Station IV: The Unmasked Laughing Sacrifice. No blood frees.

If Matakabhatta Jātaka (18) has handed over to us the conscious victim, the goat whose gaze of knowledge tears the veil of sacrificial ignorance, Jātaka 19 takes the decisive step: it unmasks not the victim, but the sacrificer. It shifts the investigation from the sacrificed suffering to the perverse logic of the one who immolates.

The title, "Āyācitabhatta", literally means "the requested meal" or "the solicited offering". The story is a perfect miniature drama of ritual hypocrisy:

A king, by a vow made in a time of danger, pledged to offer an expensive animal sacrifice to the gods if he survived. Saved, he postpones the offer, finding it too expensive. Only when events turn against him, interpreting them as a curse for the broken vow, does he finally decide to make the sacrifice – not out of gratitude or duty, but to get rid of an encumbrance, an uncomfortable debt. His is not devotion, it is calculation.

The Bodhisattva (a wise counselor) intervenes with words that resonate like a gong strike in the post-Babylon silence of his station:

"Those who truly desire liberation (mokkham) do not obtain it by killing. This, O king, is a false deliverance. Only non-violence, righteousness, self-control and compassion lead to true liberation."

Here is the heart of the unmasking.

Sacrificial logic is revealed in its bare essence: a utilitarian barter with the divine, an attempt to pay a debt (or buy a favor) with someone else's blood coin. It is a fiscal "liberation", a transaction to unload a burden.

The joke (the "Che Ride" of the title) lies in the fact that the king believes he can find mokkha (liberation, release) in an act of legitimized violence, while that same violence chains him even more to the cycle of guilt and suffering. Laughter is disenchanted, it is the laughter of the Bodhisattva who sees the tragic absurdity of those who, thirsty, dig a hole in the sand.

No blood frees. The Jātaka 19 is the theological demonstration of this axiom. Blood shed, even under the aegis of vow and ritual, is not an accepted currency for redemption. On the contrary, it is the symptom of greed, attachment and ignorance from which one (falsely) wants to free oneself.

In relation to Jātaka 18, a perfect dyad is created:

> The 18th gives us the vision of the victim (the joy of freeing oneself from a goat's body, the horror of falling

back into it).

> The 19th gives us the vision of the ritual executioner (his calculating pettiness, his moral blindness).

Both converge towards Axial Jātaka 20, the Naḷapāna, the "pool of water". Having revealed the false deliverance of the blood sacrifice (19), the itinerary can now indicate the true thirst and the true drink. The bear waiting at the pool to devour the thirsty monkeys is the very emblem of the trap: desire (thirst) which, if faced with greed and unawareness (like the king of the Jātaka 19 who acts out of interest), leads to death. "Drinking without meeting the bear" means quenching one's thirst – satisfying the need, fulfilling the vow, achieving liberation – without falling into the trap of violence and ritual self-deception.

The Āyācitabhatta-Jātaka is therefore the milestone in the "Station of Disenchantment". It shows that the post-Babylonian desert (the silence after the collapse of the great sacrificial narratives) is not an emptying, but the space for a clarification: authentic liberation does not pass through the altar, but through inner transformation. The sacrifice is unmasked; All that remains is the bitter laughter on his claim, and the path towards a water that does not hide bears.

Short story: The Genie of the Banyan Tree

The village of Kasipur lay under the scorching sun of the Kasi, like a stone smoothed by the river. At the entrance to the village, an ancient banyan tree stood majestic, its aerial roots resembling stone beards, its foliage a dark green umbrella against the bleached blue. They called him the Guardian. And to the Guardian, gifts were offered.

Gopala, a villager with a robust build and a forehead furrowed by daily worries, stopped one evening at his feet. He had to embark on a journey to trade spices in the royal city. A journey full of dangers: brigands, beasts, diseases. With his hands clasped and a hint of fear in his voice, he looked up at the rustling foliage.

"O Mighty Spirit of this Tree," he murmured. "Protect my trip. Let me return safe and sound, with a good profit. And I... I will offer you a worthy sacrifice. I will deliver you with a magnificent offering, I promise you."

The wind seemed to ripple through the leaves, like a sigh. Gopala left.

The journey was hard. The dust of the street mixed with the sweat of fear. Once he grazed a gang of criminals, another he jumped at the cry of a nocturnal animal. But no harm touched him. On the contrary, his spices were appreciated, and he made a heavier bag of coins than he dared to hope.

The return was a triumph. His wife hugged him, the children admired the gifts. Then, one night, Gopala woke up with a start. An excruciating pain in the stomach. The next day, a dark disease struck his best cow. On the third day, her son tripped and broke his arm.

Panic swept through his mind like a snake. The vote! The vow not dissolved! The Spirit is angry. Claim your payment. His liberation.

Despite his wife's pleas, Gopala moved with obsessive determination. He would not have freed himself from that curse with some fruit or flower. It had to be a worthy, sumptuous offer. He had to free himself from that debt. He bought a goat with curved horns, two fat chickens, a lamb. He led them at dawn to the foot of the banyan tree. The air was still, heavy, full of the smell of earth and damp leaves.

With a sharp knife glistening in the first sun, Gopala approached the goat. The animal stared at him with placid, almost innocent eyes. His hands trembled, not with pity, but with the feverish anxiety of one who has to perform a burdensome task. "It's for my release," he whispered to himself. "Only then am I free."

He was about to sink the blade when a voice rang out. It did not come from the right or the left, but from above, and seemed to be made of the rustle of the leaves, the crackling of the wood, the wind itself.

"STOP."

Gopala stiffened, the knife suspended in mid-air. He looked up. In the main bifurcation of the great tree, between the aerial roots, he saw a bright and vaporous shape, like a moonlight reflection trapped in the bark. He had blurred features, but his eyes were deep and old like the roots of the earth.

"You... are you the Spirit?" Gopala managed to say, her voice choked.

"I am," replied the voice, melodious and firm. "But you, today, are not here to honor me. You are here to set yourself free. You believe that my favor, and your salvation, are a commodity to be paid for with blood money."

Gopala nodded, confused. "I made a vow. I owe you a sacrifice. Only then will I be free from your wrath!"

The luminous being seemed to shake, and a murmur of sadness ran through the tree.

"Listen, short-sighted man. Take care of the life to come, when you seek 'Liberation'."

Her voice became clearer, more incisive, every word a drop of cold dew on Gopala's forehead.

"For this deliverance of yours is strict slavery. Not in this way do the wise and the pure liberate themselves. This, the liberation of the fool, ends in slavery."

Gopala slowly lowered the knife. The words struck him not as a rebuke, but as a revelation. He looked at the goat, who wagged his tail quietly. He looked at the other animals, unaware of the escaped end. He looked at his hands, ready to kill to get rid of a weight.

"Stay... saying that killing to dissolve a vow... Isn't that true liberation?"

"True liberation," replied the Genie of the Tree, its light becoming warmer, more like the morning sun filtering through the leaves, "is not bought by violence. It is cultivated with non-violence, with righteousness, with self-control. You wanted to free yourself from fear and guilt, but you were about to chain yourself with a heavier bond: that of having destroyed life for your convenience. This blood does not purify. It stains you. It is not to me that you owe a sacrifice, but to life itself respect."

A deep silence descended on the clearing. The weight in Gopala's belly, the anxiety that gnawed at him, seemed to dissolve. It was not the Spirit who cursed him, it was his own conscience, oppressed by debt and fear.

He dropped the knife to the ground. He untied the animals, his hands now caressing. He looked up again at the fork, but the glowing form had vanished. Only the leaves of the large banyan tree rustled gently, in a sudden breeze that carried away the smell of fear and unspilled blood.

Gopala returned to the village and told everything. From that day on, no one offered blood to the Guardian again. They brought fruits, flowers, fresh water. And above all, they tried to live with more righteousness. They walked, as far as possible, in the way of non-offense.

And it is said that, in time, the inhabitants of Kasipur, living in that way, found a peace deeper than any profit. A liberation that did not require anyone's blood, but only a light heart, and a thought turned to the life to come.

"This deliverance of yours is strict slavery." The Tree Genie reveals to Gopala the vanity of blood sacrifice.

The moment of revelation: true liberation is not bought with blood, but with the light of awareness.

Video post blogger:

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/19-ayacitabhatta-jataka-lofferta-del.html

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/19-ayacitabhatta-jataka-fancy-meal.html

Image Description

The image is a frame of metaphysical revelation. In the foreground, the man, Gopala, is caught in the paradox of the sacrificial action: his body is tense in effort, but the arm that holds the knife is suspended, blocked not by an external force but by an internal intuition generated by vision. His face is a battlefield: the wrinkle of superstitious determination cracks, giving way to amazement and incipient horror. The knife, the geometric center of the composition, is not an instrument of liberation, but a pendulum that swings between two forms of slavery: that of the vow not dissolved and that of blood to be shed.

Behind him, the animals wait not with terror, but with a peaceful unawareness that acts as a counterpoint to the human tension. They are the "raw material" of the rite, whose destiny hangs on the decision of an instant.

The true dynamic center is the Tree Genius. Its manifestation is not threatening, but revealing. It is not a deity that demands tribute, but a principle of consciousness that emanates from nature itself. It is light without heat, knowledge without passion. His raised hand is not an authoritarian command, but a gesture of demonstration, as if it indicated the true nature of the act that is about to be performed. The rays of light filtering through the blanket of leaves and the morning mist don't simply illuminate the scene; they baptize it in a new order of meaning, transforming the clearing from a place of sacrifice to a sanctuary of a higher truth.

Analysis: The Elements of Philosophical Dialogue

The Hanging Knife (The Suspended Power): It is the emblem of sacrificial power in a state of crisis. Power, in its most archaic form, is exercised over the victim's body. Here, that mechanism jams. It visually represents the critique of power that thinkers such as Walter Benjamin and René Girard speak of: the power that is based on founding violence and myth. His suspension is the moment in which the myth is unmasked, in which the "sacrificial machine" (Agamben) stops, revealing its arbitrariness.

The Genius-Light (The Revelation/Apocalypse): Its nature is purely apocalyptic, in the etymological sense of removal of the veil (apokálypsis). It does not bring a message of the end of time, but of the end of a world: that of the logic of bartering with the divine. Its light is the light of knowledge that dissolves illusion. In this, he dialogues directly with the tone of apocalyptic revelations: he is a messenger who reveals the true reality of things ("This liberation of yours is strict slavery"), unmasking false religiosity and proposing an alternative ethics based on non-violence and inner rectitude.

The Face of Gopala (The Disenchantment / Cioran): In that face is condensed the essence of the disenchantment that runs through the work of Emil Cioran. It is the expression of a man who, at the very moment in which he is about to perform the act he believes to be redemptive, glimpses his perfect, tragic nonsense. It is the "relief of disillusionment". Cioran would perhaps write about the "inconvenience of being born" into an absurd belief system; Here we see the drawback of believing in that same absurdity. His incipient awareness is a "collapse into nothingness" of mythical-ritual certainties, the first, painful step towards a more authentic and bare freedom.

Comment: Direct Dialogue between Image and Sources

With the Book of Revelation: "To the Angel of the Church of Laodicea you say: 'Thus speaks the Amen, the faithful and true Witness... You say: I am rich, I have become rich, I have no need of anything; but you do not know that you are unhappy, miserable, poor, blind and naked'" (Rev 3:14-17). The Genie of the Tree is this "faithful and true Witness" who speaks to Gopala, who believes he can free himself by paying a debt (ritual wealth), but is actually miserable, blind and naked in his violent logic. The light of the Genius is the "counselor" to buy from it "gold purified by fire" (righteousness), not animal blood.

(Title The Letters of Fire: Revival and Revelation in Revelation 3

Subtitle A journey through the call to spiritual transformation, apophatic transcendence and the dynamics of human power.

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Revelation 3

Title Letters of Fire: Awakening and Revelation in Revelation 3

Subtitle A journey through the call to spiritual transformation, apophatic transcendence, and the dynamics of human power

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With Cioran: "The only discovery of man worthy of respect is atheism, which, being a denial of God, is the only proof that we have, at some moment, risen to him" (Syllogisms of Bitterness). The image captures the precise moment of this "getting up". Not towards a dogmatic atheism, but towards a different transcendence: the negation of the god-scribe who keeps the accounts of sacrificial debts and credits. It is the discovery that liberation is an inner process, not a transaction. The suspended gesture is the embodiment of doubt which, for Cioran, is the only form of lucidity.

With the Critique of Power (Foucault/Agamben): Sacrifice is an ante-litteram biopolitical power device: it decides which life can be taken (the animal, the designated victim) to protect and legitimize another form of life (the community, the king). The image shows the crisis of the device. The Genie of the Tree, as an instance of truth external to the system, interrupts the "bare life" (Agamben) of the animal from being dragged into the sphere of ritual death. It reveals that sacral power is based on a fiction: that violence can be "sacred" and redemptive. Its revelation shifts the emphasis from the power over life to the power of life – life that, in the form of light and word, opposes its own ritualized suppression.

Summary Conclusion

The generated image is a perfect philosophical icon for Station IV. Visually embodies the "Unmasked Laughing Sacrifice". He does not laugh with mockery, but with the silent and bitter laughter of the truth that is revealed. It shows how the real subversive power does not lie in armed rebellion, but in the suspension of the founding act of sacralized violence. In that moment of blockage, three paths open up: that of revelation (Apocalypse), that of radical disenchantment (Cioran) and that of the deconstruction of oppressive structures (critique of power). The post-Babylon desert is no longer just silence and ashes; in this light, it becomes the space for a new, fragile, authentic possibility.

V. The Masterless Water - Drinking without meeting the power *Image*

Empty reeds on the water. The ogre keeps watch. The water flows.

TestoDrink without owning. Power remains in place, but it is no longer encountered. Pass without challenge.

Threshold

The emptying of the nodes.

V. The apophatic passage

(Jātaka 20 – Naḷapāna)

Here the path **does not advance**, *it empties*.

Water remains

The ogre remains

The power remains

But **it no longer has a grip**.

This is the point of maximum alignment with negative theology: do not deny the world, **deny its right to possess you**.

Jātaka 20, the Naḷapāna-Jātaka, occupies an axial and decisive position within the seven stations. After the revelation of the false liberation offered by blood sacrifice in the previous Jātaka, a radical turning point is made here: it is not what to look for, but how to access the true satisfaction of need, the "real drink".

The story is a powerful narrative archetype: a host of thirsty monkeys arrive at a pool of water, but this is guarded by an ogre (a yakkha) who devours anyone who tries to drink. Thirst, a symbol of desire and the most basic need, therefore leads directly into a death trap. This is the perfect emblem of the mechanism of power: it systematically places itself in charge of vital resources – material, spiritual, psychological – transforming need into a trap, desire into a debt to be paid with one's integrity or one's life.

The monkey chieftain's miraculous solution, however, is not to kill the

ogre, conquer the pool, or negotiate with the guardian. He blows the knots out of long reeds, turning them into hollow tubes. With these tools, the monkeys can drink from the depths of the pool without bending over the surface, that is, without offering the ogre the physical and metaphorical "grip" he needs to grab them.

This is where the apophatic revolution resides – that "negative theology" applied to existence.

The Non-Denial of the World: The path does not propose an escape from the world. Water (the need, the resource, the liberation) remains. The ogre (the mechanism of power, structural violence, self-deception) remains. This is not a utopia in which the traps disappear. Their reality is recognized.

The Denial of the Right to Possess: What is radically denied is the right of the world (of power) to possess you. The ogre can only grasp a solid, identified self, eagerly reaching out towards the object of desire. His power is exercised over the "presence" of the thirsty person who bends down. The emptying of the knots of the reeds is the key operation: it is the practice of emptying one's self of the inner "knots" that make us graspable – greed (lobha), aversion (dosa), ignorance (moha), identification with one's role, one's egoic desire, one's craving for possession of water itself.

3. Drinking Without Meeting Power: This is the liberating act. It means satisfying the vital need – quenching one's thirst, fulfilling a vow, striving for liberation – while simultaneously defusing the capture mechanism that surrounds it. You don't challenge the ogre head-on, you pass through him, making yourself, so to speak, transparent to his logic. Power "remains in place, but it no longer has a grip". His violence and his deceptive offering (such as ritual sacrifice) are unsuccessful.

The Contrast with the Previous Station (Jātaka 19): This is the radical alternative to the false liberation of blood sacrifice. There, the king acted out of interest, seeking gain through a violent ritual, thus falling back into the power game. Here, the monkeys act out of a pure need (thirst) and satisfy it not with an exchange, but with a miracle of absence: the absence of knots, the absence of that egoic "solidity" which is the only thing that power knows how to devour.

The Fifth Station, "The Water Without a Master", outlines a non-heroic and non-conflictual path of liberation. It is a way of subtraction, of emptying, of transparency. It does not teach how to fight the trap, but

to make oneself, in one's own center, elusive to it. The need is satisfied, the thirst is quenched, but without this act generating a new chain of violence, debt or self-deception. It is the real drink after the illusion of blood: the water that you drink when, finally, you are no longer "masters" even of your own thirst.

Story: The Law of the Forest

The heat was a bronze grip on the thick green mantle of the Kosala forest. Eighty thousand monkeys, led by their king, a magnificent specimen with wise eyes, wandered in search of water. Drought had dried up their familiar streams, and thirst was a fire in their throats. When the moist, promising scent reached their nostrils, it was a chorus of stifled joy. In a clearing, hidden among marsh reeds, lay a perfect body of water, motionless and inviting.

But the Monkey King, the Bodhisatta, had taught them, "Do not eat unknown fruits. Do not drink from unknown waters. Every new thing must pass before my eyes." And they, disciplined, crouched at the edge of the clearing, looking at the water with tormenting desire, waiting for their master.

When the Bodhisatta arrived, his first action was not to quench his thirst. With a keen eye, he scoured the perimeter of the pool. The soft mud was an open book. He saw footprints of antelope, wild boar, bird. He saw all these footprints descending decisively towards the cool water. But he didn't see a single one coming up the bank. The silence of the place, previously refreshing, suddenly became dense and threatening.

"You have done well, my faithful," he said, his voice grave. "This is not a puddle. It's a mouth. A demon of the waters lives here, and devours everything that comes down to drink."

As if the words had evoked him, the motionless surface of the water rippled. A form emerged from the greenish depths. It was not a simple animal. He was an ogre, a yakkha. His belly was putrid blue, his face pale as a sick moon, and limbs of a vivid blood-red. He stood half above the water, and his smile showed pointed teeth.

"Why are you standing there and dying of thirst, fools?" he growled, his voice like the gurgling of a deep pond. "The water is fresh. Descent

it is. Drink!"

The Bodhisatta did not deviate one step. "Are you the master of this trap?"

"I am the law of this water," replied the ogre, opening his jaws wide. "Everything that descends belongs to me. From the birds to you, stupid monkeys. I'll devour you all."

"No," said the king calmly. "You won't devour us."

"And how do you plan to drink, then?" laughed the ogre, waving his filthy red hands. "Thirst will make you mad. Eventually you will go down. It's always like that."

The Bodhisatta looked at the tall reeds rustling around the pool. A plan, clear and cold, took shape in his mind. It was not a plane of strength, but of emptiness.

"You think we have to bow our heads to your surface to drink," he said. "You're wrong. We will drink your water without ever touching it. We will drink without ever entering your kingdom. Eighty thousand reeds will be our cups, and you will stand by helplessly."

The ogre laughed, a cavernous sound. "We'll see."

The Bodhisatta turned to his own. "Bring me a joint." When they had brought it to him, he did not look at it. He looked inside himself. He recalled the Ten Perfections he had cultivated in innumerable vines: generosity, virtue, renunciation, wisdom, energy, patience, truth, determination, benevolence, equanimity. He felt that ancient power pulsing in him. Then, he brought the reed to his lips and blew.

It was not a breath of air. It was a breath of pure intention, a silent command to reality itself. A slight creak was heard along the length of the barrel, a whisper of transformation. When the Bodhisatta showed it, it had changed. It had become a hollow, perfect tube, without a single knot to obstruct its passage. He had emptied it of its own substance.

"Now," he declared, and his voice was no longer his alone, but the voice of the Law, "let every reed that grows round this lake forget its knots. Let it be hollow. Let it be a conduit, not an obstacle."

The Bodhisattva’s command, sustained by a life of perfection, was imprinted on reality. A tremor ran through the forest of reeds. And in

an instant, as if by miracle, all the reeds around the demon's pool became empty, ready.

The king sat down on the bank, away from the damp edge. Eighty thousand monkeys imitated him, each with a hollow reed between his legs. The ogre, confused, looked at them. The Bodhisatta dipped one end of his rod into the water, the other into his mouth. He sucked. A cool, gentle stream filled his mouth, and his body never crossed the line between safe land and the orc's domain.

And as one being, eighty thousand monkeys did the same. A soft sound, a collective whisper of a sip, filled the air. They drank. They quenched their thirst. They appeased the most urgent need.

The ogre of the waters screamed in anger. He fidgeted, grabbing the air where the images of the monkeys reflected on the water, breaking them. But there was nothing to grasp. There was no neck to strangle, no paw to drag down. Their thirsts had been satisfied through a void, through an absence. They had drunk without meeting him. His trap had been evaded, not conquered. With a last gurgle of impotent fury, the ogre sank into his waters, defeated not by greater force, but by a subtler wisdom.

The Bodhisatta stood up, invigorated. He looked at the hollow reeds that glittered in the sun. That place would never be the same again. "Remember," he told his 80,000 saved lives as they walked away into the safe forest. "Power feeds on your solidity, on your longing for you. Learn to become empty, and his grip will slip away."

And from that day, in that Age of the world, the reeds that grow around the Naḷapāna Pool remained forever hollow, silent witnesses of the miracle that was not a fight, but an emptying; not a victory over the demon, but an escape from his logic. A monument to the truth that sometimes, to drink from the source of life without being devoured, the only weapon is to become a conduit, free from any knots.

Empty reeds on the water

Video post blogger:

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Captions

The Monkey King, the Bodhisatta, leads his people to quench their thirst from the ogre's pool, using reeds miraculously emptied of knots. They drink without bending down, satisfying the need without offering a grip to the power that guards the water. A victory of wisdom and emptiness over the brute force of deception.

At the Naḷapāna Pool, thirst meets trap. But true liberation does not lie in fighting the ogre, in becoming transparent to his law. With reeds hollowed out by the perfection of the Bodhisatta, the monkeys drink without being drunk: a miracle of emptiness that disarms violence.

Image Description

The image depicts a scene of subversive calm. In the center, the Bodhisatta, the monkey king, sits in a position of perfect equanimity, his legs holding a long hollow reed. Around him, a silent army of monkeys replicates the gesture: all sitting on the safe bank, all with a reed that penetrates the surface of the water like a probe, drinking without any haste or fear. The reeds are smooth, without knots, tools of pure passage. Below them, in the turbulent and verdant depths of the body of water, the deformed and furious form of the ogre (yakkha) stirs: the blue belly, the red limbs, the pale face contracted in a silent scream. It is the fury of the guardian from whom the loot has been stolen. The light filters through the forest, illuminating not the water-trap, but the safe backs of the monkeys and the simple and radical miracle of the empty reeds.

Analysis and Comment of the Symbol

The power of the image lies in its double negation. It does not deny thirst (the need is real and is satisfied). It does not deny the ogre (violent power exists and is not magically dissolved). What he denies is the very link between the two. The ogre is the guardian of a perverse dialectic: to satisfy your most vital need (water), you must enter my kingdom, submit to my law, give me a hold on you (your body that bends down). The Bodhisattva's solution breaks this dialectic by introducing a third element: the empty reed. It is the symbol of the emptied ego, of desire purified by greed, of action freed from identification. Drinking with an empty reed means: "I take what I need from your dominion, but without being identified by your dominion, without becoming a subject of your law (the prey that bends down)". The power (the ogre) remains, but its mechanism goes off empty.

Philosophical Dialogues

With the Apocalypse

The Apocalypse is the revelation of a (Divine) Power that judges and destroys the (imperial, satanic) power of the world, establishing a new kingdom. The Naḷapāna-Jātaka offers a non-apocalyptic way. Here there is no final confrontation, judgment or violent reversal. There is an escape from the battlefield. The ogre is not defeated; is rendered irrelevant. It is a liberation by subtraction, not by triumph. If the Apocalypse says "this power will be destroyed", the Jātaka says "this power can be made inoperative for you, here and now".

With Negative Theology (Apophatic)

The negative way affirms that God can only be said of what he is not. The Jātaka applies this logic not to the divine, but to freedom. True freedom cannot be described in a positive way (having power, owning water); it can only be described in negative: not being graspable, not having knots, not offering grip. The "emptying of knots" is a perfect apophatic act: you don't fill the pipe with something else; it is emptied of what made it solid, graspable, "preyable". Liberation is the operational void between need and trap.

With Emil Cioran

Cioran, the philosopher of insomnia and the nausea of existence, would say that thirst is the condemnation, and water an illusory remedy that still binds us to life. The Jātaka seems to answer him: the condemnation is not thirst, but the way we bend down to drink. There is a way of drinking that is surrender, that nails us to the dialectic of the prey. And there is a way—miraculous, yes—of drinking without kneeling, without confirming one's condition of supplication. It is a gesture of tolerance without submission, which appeases the need without deluding oneself that it has resolved the sentence.

With the Critique of Power (The Right to Possess You)

The core of the critique is perfectly visualized here: "don't deny the world, deny its right to possess you." The image is a manual of existential desertion. Power (the ogre, the State, the System, the Super-Ego) is based on our involuntary consent to be its subjects, to recognize ourselves in the figure of the thirsty person who must bend down. To empty one's knots—identity greed, the craving for recognition, fear—is to revoke that consent. We continue to live in the world, to draw on its resources (water), but we no longer recognize ourselves in the position that the world assigns to those who want them. You become non-aligned, transparent, unattainable. The ogre is not killed; he is forced to watch, helpless, while his logic is elegantly bypassed.

Summary Conclusion

The Naḷapāna-Jātaka, in its iconic image, offers a phenomenology of non-violent liberation. He does not propose a revolution that overthrows the tyrant, but a tactical invention that neutralizes its effectiveness. It is a negative theology applied to praxis: freedom is not an attribute that is conquered, but a series of knots that are blown away. In dialogue with Western thoughts of crisis and power, he reminds us that sometimes the most radical way is not a head-on collision, but the subtle art of passing through the world without leaving an imprint on it to follow.

VI. The Body that Unmasks (22. KUKKURA-JĀTAKA) *Image A body that speaks.* Dogs condemned. A king looks away. A body that spews truth.

Text The truth does not argue. Justice kills in haste. The truth does not argue: it emerges. Power trembles when the body speaks.

Threshold Do not seek justice from the throne.

VI. The unmasking of the judiciary

The innocent dogs condemned

The power that punishes for convenience

The truth that emerges from the body (vomiting)

Critique of power: institutional justice is often pure violent inertia. Cioran: "evil is not error, but automatism".

Station VI: the truth does not convince the power, **it makes it uncomfortable**.

VI. The unmasking of the judiciary

(22. KUKKURA-JĀTAKA)

Axiality: Jātaka 22 stands as a critical axis (Jātaka 20) with respect to sequence 13-24. If the earlier and later Jātaka often explore individual errors of judgment or deception, the Kukkura-Jātaka strikes at the heart of the judicial system and its automatic violence. It is not the king's personal fault, but the failure of the power machine that acts by inertia.

Deconstructed image:

A body that speaks: It is not the mouth of dogs condemned to speak (they are mute, like powerless subjects). It is the body of the dogs in the palace that becomes an oracle. Truth is forced to manifest itself through a violent somatic act (vomiting), since the channels of reason and justice are obstructed.

Condemned dogs: They represent the collective scapegoat, the easiest solution for a power that must show effectiveness. Injustice is not an act of evil, but of institutional laziness.

A king looks away: Power does not see, does not investigate, does not get dirty. He issues an abstract order ("kill all the dogs") that delegates violence, preserving his image as an executioner. He looks away from the concrete consequences of his order.

A body that spews truth: Vomiting is the perfect image of truth that cannot be digested by power and that must be expelled. It is material, incontrovertible, not rhetorical proof. It upsets the clean order of the law with the disgusting physicality of reality.

Text:

The truth does not argue. Justice kills in haste. The truth does not argue: it emerges. Power trembles when the body speaks.

Here is the core of the critique. The king's "justice" is pure administrative performativity: it must be quick to appease opinion (the people outraged by the gnawed straps) and restore symbolic order. He does not seek the truth, he replaces it with a spectacular act of force. The real truth, the one that unmasks the error of power, emerges from below, from a marginal body (the leader of the pack of stray dogs) and imposes itself through materiality (the vomited belts). Power trembles because its authority is based on speech and command; When a body speaks with physical evidence, that foundation falters.

Threshold:

Do not ask for justice from the throne.

It is the ultimate lesson of the station. The throne is not the seat of justice, but of power. To ask him for justice is to legitimize his role as a judge, a role that in this Jātaka has completely failed. Justice was achieved despite the throne, thanks to the cunning of the weak (the leader of the pack) and physical evidence. The station invites us to seek the means of truth and justice outside the official circuits, in a form of epistemological subversion: the knowledge that liberates comes from the margins, not from the center.

Development of the theme: The unmasking of the judiciary

The Jātaka does not criticize an evil king, but a perverse mechanism:

Violent inertia: The king's sentence ("kill all the dogs") does not arise from hatred, but from decision-making automatism. It is the standardized answer to a problem of order. Cioran hits the mark: "evil is not error, but automatism". The judicial evil here is the absence of thought, the delegation to generalized violence.

Justice as a spectacle: The extermination order serves to show that "something is being done". It is a theatrical function, not a legal one. He punishes the innocent to maintain the illusion of control.

The counter-investigation from below: The only real investigation is conducted by the leader of the pack of stray dogs. He does what the king has not done: he looks for evidence, devises a plan to obtain it (the emetic), and presents it incontrovertibly. It is the body of the other (the dogs of the building) that becomes the place of counter-evidence.

The discomfort of power: When the truth emerges, the king can only repent. But repentance does not bring back to life the dogs already killed. Institutional justice, once set in motion, is irreversible and lethal in its inertia. The truth does not convince him: it unmasks him, making him an accomplice of an unjustifiable maximum.

The Kukkura-Jātaka is a manual of criticism of judicial reason. It shows that power, when it becomes a judge, often betrays justice, replacing it with administrative convenience and automatic violence. The only salvation lies in the ability of the marginal to force the truth to emerge, forcing power to face the consequences of its actions (or inactions). The "Unmasking Body" is therefore the body of the subject, of the animal, of the outcast, who, when he manages to speak, makes the very foundations of the throne tremble.

Story THE VOMIT OF TRUTH

A smell of death hung over the city of Benares. Everywhere, the king's men brandished sticks and stones. The only crime: being a dog. The decree had rained down from above, clear and terrible: kill every dog sighted. The fault? Someone had gnawed on the precious straps and leather upholstery of the royal carriage, left in the courtyard the night it rained. The guards had reported: "Sire, dogs from the sewers have entered". And the king, in anger, had found the simplest solution: extermination.

In the large cave of a cemetery outside the walls, a refuge for a pack of strays, the panic was tangible. Wounded bodies, bewildered looks. In the center, in silence, stood Karuna, a thin dog with a gray coat and eyes of an ancient calm. He was their leader, the Bodhisatta. He listened to the trembling voices: "There is no escape. They kill us even just to be seen. The fault is not ours, but we pay for it."

Karuna observed her fellow humans, the cubs clinging to their mothers. No, he thought. The violence that arises from haste is not justice. And the injustice that arises from ignorance cannot be our destiny. He knew, with a certainty that burned inside him, that the real culprits could not be sewer hungry dogs. A building so guarded? Only the privileged, the purebred dogs of the royal chambers, could have done so, satiated and bored. While the innocent were slaughtered, the guilty slept on silk pillows.

"Stay here," he said, his voice a low grunt full of authority. "I will go and talk to the king."

The protests were immediate: "They will kill you instantly!" But Karuna shook her head. "They won't throw a single stone. The truth has its protection." It was an unshakable faith, rooted not in strength, but in a compassion greater than himself. With the Perfections in mind, he set out, alone, towards the city.

Its entrance through the streets was a miracle of suspension. Men with sticks raised watched him pass, and without understanding why, they lowered their weapons. His gait was sure, without fear, without threat. It was a mission.

He found the king sitting in the great hall of justice, surrounded by counsellors. Without hesitation, Karuna passed the outside guards, entered the hall, and slipped under the royal throne. Screams of amazement, hands trying to grab him. The king, curious, raised a hand: "Stop!"

Karuna came out of her hiding place. He didn't bark, he didn't growl. He bowed, a gesture that was both profoundly human and animal. Then he spoke. His voice was not a bark, but a grave, articulate sound that resounded in the tomb silence of the hall.

"Is it you, O King, who orders the death of the dogs?"

"Yes," replied the king, stunned. "They destroyed my carriage."

"Do you know the culprits?"

But they were dogs. So all the dogs will pay."

"And your dogs?" pressed Karuna, her gaze fixed. "The pure blood of your rooms. Are they dying too?"

The king hesitated. A flash of annoyance. "No. They... are spared."

Karuna took a step forward. His shadow stretched over the polished floor. "Then, O King, you are not issuing a sentence. If you save your dogs and kill ours, it's not justice. It is the path of prejudice, ignorance and fear. A king must be a scale, not a blind sword."

Then, raising his voice in a solemn song that echoed in the vaults, he pronounced the condemnation in verse:

The dogs that grow in the royal palace,

Purebred dogs, strong and beautiful in shape,

Not those, but only we, are condemned to die.

Here there is no impartial sentence for all equal;

It is the massacre of the poor.

The words struck the king like stones. They were not anger, they were truth. "Wise," he said, his voice lower. "Do you know who did it?"

"I know. They were your palace dogs."

"Can you try it?"

"I can."

Following Karuna's instructions, the king had his purebred dogs brought in, shiny and well-fed. He had curdled milk and kusa grass brought. Karuna supervised while the attendants mixed the herb into the milk. Each dog was forced to drink the mixture.

The wait was short. One by one, the king's dogs began to writhe, to yelp. Then, with suffocating retching, they vomited on the polished marble of the room. And from their vomit, emerging in damp and recognizable pieces, shreds of finely worked leather and buckles of straps emerged.

The proof was there, slimy and irrefutable. The body of the privileged accused had spoken, had vomited the truth that the king's word had

hidden.

A dead silence descended on the room. The king looked at the vomit, then looked at Karuna, the thin, gray stray who had dared to challenge the throne with the sole force of reason and justice. His anger faded, replaced by burning shame.

"It's like the judgment of a Buddha," he murmured, defeated by the evidence.

Not only did he spare all the dogs, but he decreed that Karuna and her pack be fed food from the royal table for the rest of their days. He learned the lesson: the power that judges without seeing, that condemns for convenience, is not power, it is tyranny disguised as law.

And Karuna, the dog that had been Bodhisatta, went back to the cemetery. Not as a triumphant hero, but as a witness. The truth had saved him, but it had also shown how fragile the thread that separates order from barbarism was. Justice, his calm gaze seemed to say, never comes down from the throne. It must emerge, from below, sometimes from the bare belly of the world, even in the form of vomit.

The Body as the Place of Counter-Revelation

"The truth is not argued: it emerges. Power trembles when the body speaks. From the vomit of the guilty, the proof that unmasks the injustice of a king."

Video link post blogger

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/22-kukkura-jataka-il-vomito-della-verita.html

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/22-kukkura-jataka-vomit-of-truth.html

Image Description

The image looks like an allegorical painting of neoclassical style, with a Caravaggio-esque light that dramatically selects the details. The composition is divided into three vertical planes that represent the social order:

The Power (High): King Brahmadatta is on the throne, an icon of gold and purple. His body is turned, his face is shadowed or distracted from the scene below. It is the figure of the Abstract and Distant Law. His hand could be suspended in an interrupted command gesture.

The Revelation/Unmasking (Center): The Bodhisatta, the stray dog, occupies the physical and moral center. He is thin, gray, but his posture is erect, his head held high. He does not supplicate; accusation. He is the organic intellectual of the marginals, the one who knows the system because he suffers its consequences.

The Material Truth (Bottom): On the polished marble floor, the palace's purebred dogs spew shreds of leather and ornate straps. This is incontrovertible, physical, disgusting and real evidence. The light pours here, making the "vomit of truth" bright and hyper-visible. It contaminates the sterile space of power with the matter of guilt.

The atmosphere is one of suspended Last Judgment. The guards in the background are motionless, the violence has been stopped by the evidence.

Analysis and Commentary: The Body as the Place of Counter-Revelation

The image perfectly embodies the thesis of "Station VI": the justice of power is often violent inertia, and the truth is not convinced by arguments, but forced to emerge from the body.

The King Who Looks Away: He represents the hypocrisy of the judiciary. He issues edicts without inquiring, because the investigation may reveal that the evil is inside the palace, not outside. His looking away is an act of systemic self-preservation.

Vomit as Language: The dogs of the palace, the privileged, become unwitting oracles. The truth does not come out of their mouths (they do not confess), but from their belly. It is an involuntary, traumatic knowledge that reveals what power wanted to bury: its own internal corruption. It is materiality that debunks the narrative.

The Bodhisatta as a Critic Figure: He does not use force, but strategic wisdom. He knows how the system works (the privileges of palace dogs) and uses science (the emetic) to force an empirical demonstration. It is the immanent critique that uses the logic of the system to unmask it.

Philosophical and Theological Dialogues

With the Apocalypse (Book of Revelation)

The Jātaka is a counter-apocalypse. The biblical Apocalypse is a revelation from above: a divine, transcendent message that judges and destroys in order to establish a new kingdom. Here, the revelation is from below: immanent, physical, emerging from the bodies of the oppressed and even the guilty. It does not announce the end of time, but unmasks the injustice of the present. The "judgment" does not come from heaven, but from the floor of the palace. It is a horizontal apocalypse, not a vertical one.

With Negative Theology (Negative Way)

Negative theology (from Dionysius the Areopagite) maintains that one can only say of God what he is not (he is not finished, he is not understandable...). The Jātaka operates a "political negative path". The Bodhisatta does not define what the positive justice of the king is (an impossible task), but blatantly unmasks what is not justice: it is not partiality, it is not ignorance, it is not indiscriminate violence. Truth is affirmed by negation of the error of power. Vomit is the icon of this denial: it expels the lie.

With Cioran: "Evil is not error, but automatism"

This sentence is the sociological key to the story. The king is not a monster; He is a bureaucrat of violence. His illness is banal (Arendt) and automatic: "Dogs have gnawed? Kill all the dogs." It is the inertia of a system that responds to the problem with the simplest and most spectacular solution: the generalized scapegoat. The Bodhisatta interrupts this automatism. It introduces thought, distinction, inquiry. He unmasks evil by showing that evil was not necessary, but the mental laziness of power was enough.

With the Critique of Power (Foucault, Agamben)

Foucault: The power of the king is sovereign (he kills or lets live), but the Bodhisatta opposes it with an inverse pastoral power: he takes care of the life of the herd (its "rough multitude"). Above all, the Jātaka anticipates the criticism of the judiciary as an arm of the raison d'état. "Justice" is a tool for maintaining order, not for finding the truth.

Agamben: Stray dogs are homo sacer of the city: lives that can be killed without it constituting murder. The king's decree places them in this state of exception. The Bodhisatta, by his action, brings them back from the status of "naked life" to that of "lives worth living". Vomiting is the moment in which biological life (the body of dogs) breaks into political life (the court) to subvert its rules.

Conclusion: The Politics of Vomit

The Kukkura-Jātaka gives us a very powerful image for the critique of power: truth as an irrepressible physical symptom. In an era of dominant narratives, "fake news" and administrative laws that affect the weak, the story reminds us that:

Institutional justice, when it is not supervised, decays into administrative terrorism.

Salvation never comes from the enlightened elites, but from the resilient wisdom of the marginal.

The ultimate truth is often unpleasant, physical, and unarguable. It must be forced into the light, because power will never seek it.

The dialogue with Revelation, negative theology, Cioran and political philosophy shows how this ancient Buddhist parable is a universal repertoire of critical tools. It invites a practice of resistance that is, first of all, an art of bringing out reality in its crudest and most incontrovertible form, forcing power, at least for a moment, to look away from its fiction and to look its own vomit in the face.

VII. The Hero's Rejection

(Jātaka 23 – 24)

Image A wounded horse stopping. The victory behind him.

Text Victory always comes at a price. Dying for victory is the dream of power. The awakened man gets off his horse before the applause

Threshold Descend. Disappear without glory.

VII. The Final Heroism (to Overcome)

VII. *Descend before victory*.

(Jātaka 23 – 24)

The faithful horse that dies in victory

The hero who serves to the last

Here power is nourished by **glorious sacrifice**. Cioran: Greatness is often an elegant form of suicide.

Last station: **don't become a hero**, because the hero always needs a kingdom.

This final station does not celebrate the triumph, but reveals its hidden mechanism and its ultimate price. The image proposed is not that of the acclaimed victor, but of the wounded horse that stops, while the victory—a collective and political event—takes place behind him. It is the moment when the instrument of heroism is put aside, consumed by one's own dedication.

The two Jātakas (23. Bhojājānīya and 24. Ājañña) tell the same essential story: a noble and valiant horse, the companion of a prince

or king, pushes the limits of his strength in battle, being mortally wounded to ensure victory. The drama is heightened by seeing one's place being prepared for a lower-ranking horse. This gesture—this immediate substitution—is the spark that ignites a last, desperate pride. The horse asks to be revived, makes a last superhuman effort and dies at the very moment of victory, his sacrifice that is the foundation of the glory of the kingdom.

The Heart of the Station: The Deconstruction of Heroism

The interpretation given transforms these tales of exemplary loyalty into a powerful critical allegory:

The Horse as Hero: The horse represents the pure hero, the dedicated force, the individual whose virtue and ability are absolute and selfless.

Victory as a Kingdom: Victory is not an abstract ideal, but the concrete triumph of a power (the king, the kingdom, the cause). It always has a price, and that price is the hero's body and life.

The Threshold: Descend / Disappear: The station identifies the threshold to be crossed not in the Olympus of heroes, but in "getting off the horse before the applause". It is the refusal to let oneself be consumed to the point of annihilation in order to become a myth of that power. Disappearing without glory is the ultimate act of freedom.

The "Final Heroism" to Overcome: The true path to awakening does not culminate in being the perfect hero, but in overcoming the very need to be a hero in those terms. Because, as noted, "the hero always serves a kingdom". His sacrifice becomes fuel for the power machine, which celebrates it to encourage other sacrifices.

Cioran's quote—"greatness is often an elegant form of suicide"—fits perfectly. In the Jātaka, the greatness of the horse is precisely a ritual and elegant suicide, required by the logic of war and absolute loyalty. The awakened person, understanding this dynamic, chooses not to become a hero in this sense: not because he is cowardly, but because he does not want his purity, his courage, his very life to become instruments for consolidating a power that will continue, invariably, to require new sacrifices.

Although very similar, the two stories can offer slight nuances:

Jātaka 23 (Bhojājānīya): Emphasizes the individual relationship between the horse-charge and its rider. The wound comes after an extraordinary feat (the capture of six kings). His death is the last service to complete the work (the seventh king).

Jātaka 24 (Ājañña): Presents the pair of chariot horses, perhaps accentuating the contrast between the wounded thoroughbred and the "new horse" that is about to replace him. This amplifies the sense of injustice and waste that triggers the proud and fatal reaction of the noble steed.

In both cases, traditional Buddhist morality would praise unwavering steadfastness, dedication to death, as commendable virtues. The reading of the VII Station, however, turns them upside down: they are not models to follow, but mirrors to shatter. They show us the extreme, glorious and tragic point, from which we must retreat for true liberation. The last step of the journey is not consecration, but detachment: from the need for glory, from the machine of sacrifice, from the very identity of hero.

This station thus gives us a paradox: the path to awakening passes through the rejection of the highest and most seductive form of the self—the heroic, celebrated, immortal self in the memory of power. The real awakening is anonymous, and fades into the crowd before the applause begins.

The smell of glory is often a mixture of dust, iron and blood.

In the palace of Benares, under a sky dotted with golden stars, the great steed Sindhu lay on a bed of crimson cloth. His coat, shiny as a river at night, reflected the light of the scented oil lamps. His life was a hymn to perfection: delicious rice in a golden bowl, air impregnated with the four sacred aromas, the soft earth of his stable scented with sandalwood. It was the jewel of King Brahmadatta, the noblest body in the kingdom, encased in silk armor and homage.

But the neighboring kingdoms coveted Benares. Seven kings, united by ferocious greed, laid siege to the city, sending an ultimatum: the crown or war.

In the royal council, only one knight came forward. "Give me your steed Sindhu," he said, bowing, "and I will defeat not only the seven kings, but all the kings of India."

The king agreed.

The next morning, the knight and the steed were one weapon. The Sindhu, clad in a steel mesh that snapped like a second skin, threw himself through the city gate. It wasn't a charge, it was lightning. The first enemy camp opened like ripe fruit. The first king, torn from the throne of his tent, was bound and thrown to the soldiers. The Sindhu did not slow down.

A second camp. A third. A quarter. A fifth.

Five kings captured, five armies scattered like straw in the wind.

Glory had a taste: it was the taste of salty sweat and ferocious energy that flowed through his powerful veins. But the war had another flavor: the metal of blood.

At the sixth camp, as he broke the last defenses and the sixth king was seized, an enemy spear, the last desperate attempt, found a crack in the armor. A sharp twinge, then a heat that spread to the side. The large body shuddered, but did not yield. He completed the charge,

triumphant, as blood began to flow down his tool, a scarlet tear on the sheen of steel.

The knight, perceiving the stumbling, the trembling, led the wounded beast towards the gates of Benares. There, with expert hands and a heavy heart, he made his companion lie down, loosened the straps of his armor. The side of the steed was a fleshy flower of torn flesh. The pain was a vice that squeezed his breath.

The Sindhu lay on his side, his eyes half-closed, his breath labored. Through a fog of suffering, he heard familiar noises: the squeaking of leather, the clinking of bites, the wheezing of another animal. He opened his eyes, shiny with fever and supreme intelligence.

He saw his knight. She was not next to him. He was saddled another horse. A nag. An animal with a low back, thin legs, with the placid ignorance of glory and sacrifice in his eyes.

At that moment, in the heart of the great steed, a tragedy deeper than the wound took place. He saw everything collapse: the reserve horse would never break through the seventh camp. He would have been overwhelmed. The knight, the unparalleled warrior, would fall. The king would have been captured. And the five kings already captive? All his effort, his blood spilled, would have been in vain. The work had to be done. Only he could do it.

With superhuman effort, he raised his head. His voice, a hoarse yet laden neighing with royal authority, tore through the air.

"Chevalier!"

The man turned, his hands still on the saddle of the rough steed.

"There is no horse, except me, that can cut down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king," whispered the noble beast, every word a sorrow conquered. "I will not throw away what I have already accomplished. Get me back on my feet. Coat me with steel."

And then, with the strength of despair and the purest pride, the great Sindhu pronounced his heroic testament:

"Though I lie prostrate, pierced by enemy spears,

No nag can ever match the steed.

Do not yoke anyone but me, O knight."

The knight was petrified. He saw in his companion's eyes a light that was not of this world: the absolute will to complete his destiny. Without hesitation, he called his squires. With delicacy and firmness, they helped the giant to get up. They bandaged the wound, tightening bandages on the dripping blood. Then, piece by piece, they clothed that trembling body in its shining armor. It was the heaviest armor in the world.

The Sindhu was in the saddle. A shiver ran through his spine, but his legs stiffened, they found a last, desperate solidity. The knight climbed up, feeling under him no longer the elastic power of before, but a concentrated, burning force, like a star about to explode.

The last charge.

It was something supernatural. The seventh camp saw the advance, not a horse, but a spectre of steel and will. The hooves beat a rhythm of death. The armor, stained red, shimmered in the sun as a reminder of all the sacrifices. They broke the lines, overwhelmed the guards, arrived in the presence of the seventh king, whose arrogance turned into terror in the face of this apparition.

He was captured. The victory was complete.

Returning to the gates of the city, amid the shouts of jubilation of the soldiers and the clamor of victory, the Sindhu stopped. His task was finished. The king himself came out to welcome the hero. The steed looked at him with eyes that already saw another plane.

"Great king," he murmured, his breath a thin thread, "don't kill these seven kings. Legalize yourself with an oath and let them go. Honor this knight, for it is right that he who has given you seven kings should never be humiliated. And you... governs with justice. With righteousness."

Then, as the skilled hands of the squires began to remove his armor, piece by piece, freeing him from the weight of the metal, the great steed Sindhu lowered his head. A last, long breath, almost a sigh of relief. And his soul, free from pain and glory, flew away, dying in the hour of absolute victory.

The king ordered his body to be cremated with full honors, that the knight be showered with gifts, and that the seven kings, having sworn eternal peace, should return to their lands. He ruled for a long time, and it is said that the justice of his reign was the last, lasting gift of the bloody steed.

Because true greatness, sometimes, is an elegant form of sacrifice. But the awakened person, remembering this story, knows that one can – must – get off the horse before the applause begins.

The Bloody Steed

The Last Oath of the Bloody Steed – 'No nag can ever match the steed.' From the Bhojājānīya-Jātaka: The noble horse Sindh, mortally wounded after capturing six kings, rises for a last charge. Testimony of extreme sacrifice, where true heroism meets its tragic and glorious fulfillment in the hour of victory.

Video link post blogger

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/jataka-23-il-destriero-insanguinato-il.html

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/jataka-23-bloodied-charger-il.html

Description and Analysis of the Generated Image

The image captures the moment of tragic suspension between sacrifice and victory. In the center, the steed Sindh, still majestic despite his wounded and trembling body, is dressed in his golden armor by hasty hands. The twilight light, charged with red and gold, illuminates him like a living reliquary, while the blood on his fur and bandages shines with a sinister glow. His eye is fixed, not on the knight or on the enemies, but on a point beyond the frame—on destiny. At his feet, the already saddled nag is a blurred shadow, a reminder of the ordinariness that is about to be rejected. In the background, the tents of the seventh camp and waving flags complete a composition that is not a battle scene, but a ritual of consecration to death. The aesthetic is reminiscent of romantic historical paintings, but its strength lies in the visual paradox: the maximum expression of life and power (the horse in its splendor) coincides with the active acceptance of the end.

Commentary: Jātaka in Dialogue with the Traditions of Radical Criticism

Dialogue with the Apocalypse and Negative Theology

In the Apocalypse of John, the horse is an instrument of divine judgment (the white horse of the Conqueror, the red horse of War). The steed of the Jātaka is also an instrument of an earthly judgment, but its victory does not inaugurate a Kingdom of God. Instead, it reveals the emptiness of worldly glory. Here the dialogue with negative theology becomes fruitful: just as negative theology reaches God through remotio (the negation of every finite attribute), so the

heroism of the steed, pushed to the extreme, denies itself. His supreme act of fidelity becomes, against the light, the revelation that the "kingdom" served does not deserve such a sacrifice. His death is not redemption, but the perfect consumption of the instrument by power. The true hidden "God" in this reading is not the saved king, but the awareness that arises from tragedy: the need to get off the horse.

Dialogue with Cioran: The Elegant Suicide

Cioran's quote—"Greatness is often an elegant form of suicide"—is the most direct key to interpretation. The steed performs an impeccable ritual suicide. It is not an act of desperation, but of hyper-affirmation of one's heroic identity, to the point of its annihilation. Cioran unmasks the death drive that inhabits the core of the heroic ideal: the horse wants to die as a steed, because only in death does its myth become absolute and unassailable. The image captures precisely this: the aestheticization of sacrifice. The glorious light, the armor, the proud posture: everything contributes to making its end "beautiful" and necessary, hiding its radical uselessness for the very being who suffers it.

Dialogue with the Critique of Power (Foucault, Weil)

Here the Jātaka is a manual of the mechanics of power. Power (the king, the kingdom) is not limited to using bodies; it needs glorious sacrifices to legitimize itself and reproduce its logic. The horse is the perfect "being-for-death", biopolitics brought to its poetic conclusion. His body, nourished, cared for, adorned, has only one final purpose: to be consumed in the production of "victory". Simone Weil, speaking of the force that transforms those who suffer it into things, would say that the horse is completely transformed into an object—first an object of luxury, then an object-martyr. Power, at the height of triumph, immediately replaces the worn instrument (the nag is already ready), revealing its absolute indifference to the individual. The celebration of the dead horse is only functional to encourage the next sacrifice.

Summary: The Quartet of Revelation

The image of the Bhojājānīya-Jātaka, read through these lenses,

becomes a crossroads of revelations:

Apocalyptic: It reveals the end of a cycle—not of the world, but of the illusion that serving a kingdom with absolute perfection leads to liberation.

Negative Theology: It indicates the path of asceticism by subtraction: the true awakening is not in being the perfect hero, but in removing (getting off the horse) every attribute that binds us to the machine of power.

Cioranian: He reveals greatness as a sublime disease, the heroic ideal as an instinct of death clothed in glory.

Critique of Power: Unmasks the sacrificial machine that transforms life into pure energy of legitimacy, and celebrates the victim to produce new victims.

The most subtle power, this Jātaka tells us, is not the one that crushes, but the one that seduces with the promise of a significant death. The dying steed is the image of perfect adherence to this seduction. The awakened one, looking at this image, does not see a hero to celebrate, but a trap to defuse. The real "last station" is to refuse the saddle, even —especially—when it is offered for the last, most glorious office.

ĀJAÑÑA-JĀTAKA: The Compassion of the Pureblood

The din of battle had ceased, leaving only the lament of the wind between the torn tents and the metallic smell of blood that permeated the land of Benares. Six camps had been broken up, six kings lay prisoners. But the seventh, the most ferocious, still resisted on the horizon, his banners waving like a final challenge.

To complete the feat was not a single knight, but a war chariot. And to tow it, two brother steeds, two Sindh thoroughbreds born of the same mother, forged by the same temperament. The elder, the Bodhisatta, and the younger, united by yoke and blood. Together they had unleashed the hurricane of steel that had swept away the first six kings.

Now, at the gates of the city, the aged brother lay on his side. A deep wound tore through his chest, and every breath was a stream of pain and will. His coat, once shiny like river water, was dulled by the sweat and mud of six charges. The warrior, his charioteer, had already loosened the straps of his armor with quick and precise hands. But it was not his hands that the Bodhisatta felt.

Next to him, he heard other noises. The heavy, awkward sound of a hoof pounding the dust with less elegance. The labored, shallow breathing of a smaller chest. Opening his eyes cost him an immense effort. And he saw.

He saw the charioteer who was leading another horse to the cart. It was not a steed. It was a nag, a low-rumped, stocky-necked animal, with the placid resignation of a beast of burden in its eyes. They were saddled him, feeding him, preparing to replace him.

A pang, sharper than that of the wound, pierced the thoroughbred's heart. It wasn't just wounded pride. It was disillusioned compassion. He looked at that poor animal, completely foreign to the glory, duty, and sacred fury of battle. That being would not have withstood the final impact. It would break, taking his charioteer with him in death, nullifying everything he and his brother had conquered.

But there was more. He saw the machine of power at work in its most cynical evidence: the perfect interchangeability of the instruments. The thoroughbred or the nag, for the kingdom that had to survive, were only a driving force. One was more noble, yes, but when the noble one was consumed, it was replaced with the useful. No gratitude, only necessity.

Then, the Bodhisatta called. Not a neigh, but a grave sound, a vibration that came from the bowels of the earth and of suffering.

The charioteer approached, her face marked by real pain. He knew.

"Charioteer," whispered the great horse, "no matter the moment, no matter the place. In joy or sorrow, the thoroughbred fights to the end. The nag, on the other hand, gives up."

Those words were not just a declaration of value. They were an ontological definition. They distinguished two natures, two destinies. And his destiny, by nature and by choice, was to be fulfilled.

The charioteer did not speak. A single, slow nod of the head. He called his men. With an almost sacred delicacy, they helped the wounded giant to his feet. His paws trembled, but they found a base, the last one. They bandaged the wound with bandages that turned red instantly. Then, they lifted the heavy armor of the war chariot and placed it on his battered shoulders. It was the weight of duty, which he accepted for the last time.

Put back on the yoke, flanked by his younger brother who brushed his side in silent support, the Bodhisatta tensed. His gaze met that of the nag, which had already been pushed aside, useless. In that look there was no contempt, but an immense pity. That creature would live. He, on the other hand, had to die. It was the order of things, the law of his own nobility.

The last charge was a masterpiece of pain and precision. Not the blind fury of the first, but a straight, fatal, implacable line towards the heart of the seventh field. The wagon, pulled by the two brothers, seemed to fly over the dust. They broke their defenses, came before the king, who surrendered almost without a fight, overcome by the tragic majesty of that vision.

Back at the gates, as the city exploded in a shout of victory, the Bodhisatta was unhooked. He collapsed, gently, on his healthy side. The king hastened in. The horse raised his head for the last time.

His words were the same as those of the lonely brother of the previous Jātaka: "Spare the kings. Honor the charioteer. He rules with justice." But in that context, addressed to a king who had seen two horses, one dying and one spared, they sounded like a more complex testament. It was an invitation to see the difference, to recognize the value, but also to understand the terrible economy of sacrifice that his reign had just celebrated.

Then, as the charioteer's hands began to remove his armor, the Bodhisatta let go. There was no fight. It was a conscious abandonment. He died not in the hour of victory, but in the moment in which he had chosen, out of compassion and duty, to be the thoroughbred who does not give up, knowing that this was his elegant, necessary form of suicide.

The nag, intact, was brought back to its stable. The younger brother lived long, honored. Power had obtained what it wanted, consuming the best and preserving the profit. The Bodhisatta had fulfilled his heroic destiny, but in dying he had also revealed the whole mechanism: the compassion of the noble towards the unsuspecting, the substitutability of every hero, and the supreme truth that Station VII reveals.

The real awakening is not in being the pureblood who dies gloriously, nor in the nag who survives ignorantly. It is in rejecting the yoke that transforms both into instruments of a power that celebrates the sacrifice of one and forgets the oblivion of the other. The last act is to get off the wagon, even before the race begins.

The Gaze of the Thoroughbred

The Gaze of the Pureblood – Ājañña-Jātaka. Mortally wounded after breaking through six fields, the senior steed (the Bodhisatta) gets up for the last charge. His gaze, full of disillusioned compassion, crosses that of the nag already saddled and ready to replace him. In silence, he recognizes the ruthless law of power: the noble is consumed, the useful survives. His choice is the last, tragic act of fidelity to a higher nature.

Video link post blogger

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/24-ajanna-jataka.html

https://giusegugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/24-ajanna-jataka_01641499376.html Image Description and Analysis

The image captures the tragic and dialectical essence of the Jātaka 24. The composition is divided into three levels that tell a hierarchy of value and destiny.

Close-up: The Bodhisatta (the Conscious Thoroughbred). The elderly, wounded horse is the luminous fulcrum. The twilight of red, full of red and gold, envelops it like a glorious shroud. His getting up is not a simple physical act, but a monument to the will. The wound, prominent and still bleeding, is not a sign of defeat, but a stigma, the mark of his absolute dedication. His gaze is the most powerful element: he does not look at the charioteer, he does not look at the enemy. Look at the nag. In that gaze there is no contempt, but a disillusioned compassion, a deep and melancholic recognition of two irrevocably separate destinies. He knows that he will die and that other will live, and that this is the ruthless logic of the system in which he is inserted.

Middle Plane: The Confrontation of Destinies (The Nag and the Brother).

The Sorry Beast: It is already saddled, ready to use, but its body is turned to the side, as if it were about to be led away. Its ordinariness is evident: coarser structure, placid or confused gaze. It represents the unsuspecting utility. It is the reserve instrument, preserved not for its nobility, but for its immediate functionality. His proximity and at the same time his estrangement from the Bodhisatta embody the paradox of substitutability.

The Younger Brother (The Other Pureblood): Still yoked, he turns his head towards the elder. His gaze expresses solidarity, perhaps a mute pain. He represents the continuity of the heroic caste, the one who, while surviving, is bound by the same code of honor that is killing his brother.

Background: The Power Machine. The charioteer is determined, already reaching out towards the battlefield. The city walls and the enemy camp in the background complete the picture. Power (the kingdom to be defended, the victory to be achieved) is the immobile

and impersonal horizon that determines every action in the foreground.

Style and Atmosphere: The dramatic lighting, from a romantic historical painting, aestheticizes the sacrifice, making it epic and moving. This makes the image doubly powerful: it invites us to be moved by heroism, while simultaneously showing us the mechanisms that feed on that heroism.

Radical Dialogues of Jātaka 24

Dialogue with the Apocalypse: The Beast and the Horse

If in the Apocalypse the cavalry (the Four Horsemen) is the agent of the divine Judgment, here the horse is the object of the judgment of an immanent power. He is not the one who brings the sword, hunger, pestilence or death; he suffers them in the name of the salvation of an earthly kingdom. Its end does not usher in a New Heaven and a New Earth, but it consolidates the old order. The revealed "apocalypse" is not the end of the world, but the end of the individual in the machinery of power. It is a horizontal apocalypse, not a vertical one.

Dialogue with Negative Theology: The Way of Dual Subtraction

Negative theology teaches us to know God by removing attributes (God is not this, he is not that). Jātaka 24 applies this negative path on two levels:

To the Thoroughbred: To free himself, he would have to take away from himself the attribute of "nobility" (absolute loyalty, war valor, pride) that chains him to the sacrificial machine. His tragedy is that his deepest essence coincides with that attribute. To free oneself would mean to cease to be oneself.

Al Ronzino: The nag, apparently free because he is ignorant and not involved, is actually a prisoner of the attribute of "utility". Its survival is guaranteed only as long as it is functional.

The real liberation, suggested by Station VII, would therefore be a double negation: rejecting both the sacrificial nobility of the thoroughbred and the unsuspecting utility of the nag. It is a total disorientation from the system of values of power.

Dialogue with Cioran: The Elegance of Choice and the Blandness of Survival

Cioran would say that the thoroughbred chooses the most elegant form of his possible destiny. Faced with the alternative of living as an outcast (a dethroned thoroughbred, a retired hero) or dying as a symbol, he chooses symbolic death. It is the triumph of aesthetics over the ethics of survival. The nag, on the other hand, embodies what Cioran feared: the insipidity of an unexamined, but useful life. His is a victory of biology, but a defeat of essence (if a horse can have an "essence"). The Jataka shows that power offers this dichotomous choice: elegance in death, or insipidity in life. The awakened person rejects the choice itself.

Dialogue with the Critique of Power (Foucault, Agamben): Biopolitics and Zoé

Here power exercises perfect biopolitical control:

On the Thoroughbred: Enforces a thanatopolitics (death policy). His life is encouraged, nourished, celebrated (it is bios, qualified life) only in function of a glorious and productive death for the State. He is homo sacer in equine form: his killing is permitted and even ritualized, because it serves the king's sovereignty.

On the Nag: Apply a biopolitics of utility. His life (zoé, naked life) is preserved because it is functional. It is not worthy of celebration, only of use.

Power, therefore, manages an archaic economy of bodies: some (the pure) are destined for symbolic consumption, others (the profits) for the reproduction of labor power. The Jātaka reveals that heroism is not the opposite of power, but its most sophisticated and self-legitimizing product.

Conclusion of Station VII

The Ājañña-Jātaka, with its dialectical pair (Pureblood/Nag), concludes Station VII by showing that the "Hero's Rejection" is not just an individual act. It is the rejection of the entire binary system that power proposes: nobility or sloth, sacrifice or utility, glory or oblivion. The awakened one understands that in this system, both poles are prisons. The real way out is not to choose another role in the same play, but to leave the theater. Getting off the wagon, disappearing, is not escape. It is the only act that, by denying both the logic of sacrifice and that of utility, escapes the total capture of the machine of power.

Conclusion: The Way of Subtraction – An Exit, Not a Kingdom

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https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/la-via-della-sottrazione-unuscita-non.html

https://giuseugliottaapocalisse.blogspot.com/2026/02/the-path-of-subtraction-exit-not-kingdom.html

The path traced out in Jātaka 13–24 is not a path of ascent, purification, or salvation. It is, in its most radical essence, a path of desertion. A progressive and irrevocable desertion from seduction, from promise, from technique, from sacrifice, from spectacular justice and, ultimately, from the very logic of victory. The awakened one who emerges from this sequence does not win, does not govern, does not redeem. He makes an infinitely more subtle and destabilizing gesture: he drinks the water without meeting the ogre.

The axial Jātaka, the Naḷapāna (20), reveals the apophatic heart of this path. Thirsty monkeys do not face, they do not deceive, they do not convert the ogre who possesses water, archetype of the power that controls life itself. Their leader empties the knots of the reeds. The water stays where it is. Power remains where it is. But he is rendered useless, because he is no longer encountered. This minimal gesture of subtraction contains the whole way: it is not a question of denying the world, but of denying it the right to possess you. In a negative theological reading, God – if the name is still possible – is not water, nor the ogre, nor victory. It is the emptying of knots, the principle of non-possession.

Read through this lens, the other Jātakas of the cycle are arranged as concentric movements of the same disillusionment: seduction (13, 14, 21) unmasks the power that begins with the gift; learning (15:16) shows how knowledge serves to avoid capture, not to conquer; the dispute (17) reveals the emptiness of reason that has become an end in itself; sacrifice (18:19) exposes religion as an economy of guilt; justice (22) lays bare the automatic violence of order; Heroism (23:24) reveals the most refined face of dominion: glory. The journey does not culminate in a positive synthesis, but in a progressive refusal to participate in the game.

This desertion finds an apocalyptic resonance – in the sense of revelation and not of catastrophe – in chapter 22 of the Apocalypse. The final vision is not of a throne conquered or overthrown, but of a flowing river. The water of life is not conquered, it is given without price, by the center that does not dominate. As in Naḷapāna, water is

not "liberated"; There is no victory over the ogre, nor final judgment. There is, in both cases, an event that makes power superfluous: there, emptied reeds; here, a river without embankments of possession. In Revelation 22 one does not ascend the throne: the throne itself dissolves in the flow. Time is not "redeemed" in a heroic sense, it ceases to dominate. The leaves of the tree heal nations not because they change the world, but because they disarm it.

Revival, therefore, does not inaugurate a kingdom. Inaugurate an exit. The path does not lead upwards, but outside. He does not liberate the world with a revolutionary act, but deactivates its capture mechanisms making power irrelevant. It is the way of radical cunning against the absurdity of domination. The "redeemed time" is not a time regained from power, but a time subtracted from its logic: a time in which one can, finally, drink the water of life without first having to meet, and therefore recognize, the ogre who claims to possess it.

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